Methodist Magazine and Review.

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MEMORIES OF MEXICO.

BY THE EDITOR.

PATIO OF HOTEL ITURBIDE, MEXICO.

A VISIT to Mexico is much like a visit to Spain. There is much the same physical environment — an elevated plateau with saw-teeth-like Sierras of mountain background, bright sunlight, fathomless blue sky, and a vivid, glossy, subtropical foliage. On every side is heard the soft Andalusian speech, religious processions pass through the streets, the churches are ablaze with gilding and an ignorant peasant population kneel at their altars.

But Mexico is in a state of transition. It has undergone a marvellous development under the government of President Diaz, in which case it departs from its resemblance to Spain. It is one of the living, not one of the dying nations.

Mr. Lummis, in an admirable volume entitled, "The Awakening of a Nation," says:

"Among all the mistakes of foreigners as to Mexico, none is more common than that which disparages its government. I do not know anything in history which fairly parallels these twenty years in Mexico. It is not far to remember when there was not a railroad in Mexico, and when other material conditions were in proportion. The actual Mexico has forty railroads, with nearly seven thousand miles of track, and everything that that implies. It is netted with telegraph lines (with the cheapest tariff in America), dotted with post-offices, schools, costly buildings for public business and public beneficence. It

PUBLIC FOUNTAIN AT ZACATECAS.

is freer than it was ever before, with free schools, free speech, free press. There is progress everywhere—material, intellectual, moral.

"In every public school of Mexico above the primary grade, in every private school, training school, and college, English is a compulsory study. In another generation," says Mr. Lummis, "Mexico is going to be equipped for business and pleasure in two languages."

In 1877 General Porfirio Diaz was first elected President. At that time the country was in great disorder, on account of the French intervention and the revolutions immediately succeeding it. President Diaz has ruled with a strong hand, meting out justice to all revolutionists and bandits.

Including classes for instruction in the arts and trades, there are in the republic 10,746 government schools, with an attendance of 545,000. There are also many private schools and colleges. The National Library at the capital contains 265,000 volumes. Mexico issues more than three hundred and fifty periodical publications, including the daily and weekly newspapers, also magazines, literary reviews, and organs of the various industries and interests.

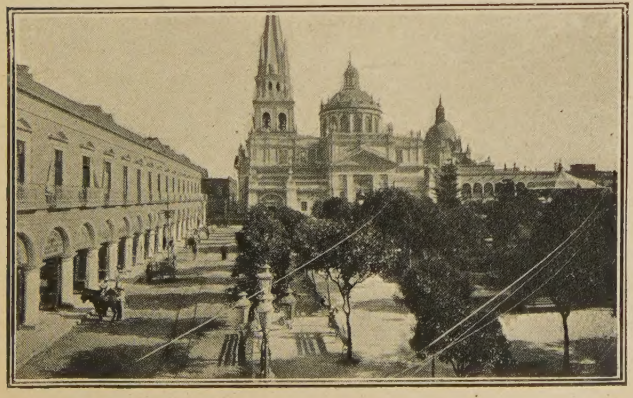
One of the pleasures of travel in Mexico is that every Canadian or American dollar is worth two, so that travel and entertainment are relatively cheap. The tourist immediately doubles his capital.

Before the construction of the railways Mexico was a giant without bones, but it is now a very well articulated young athlete. The Mexican Central Railway may well be called the backbone of the republic. It is one of the greatest factors in the making of modern Mexico. The Central is the only standard gauge line in operation between the city of Mexico and the United States border. The most satisfactory way to receive a knowledge of the country and its

resources is to make the tour over this great road. It makes immediate connection with the Santa Fe Route at El Paso, on the Rio Grande. The first day's journey southward is spent almost entirely in the state of Chihuahua, the largest state in the republic.

CATACOMBS OF GUANAJUATO.

Zacatecas, a city with a population of seventy thousand people, capital of the state of the same name, is one of the leading silver mining camps of the world. Mining has been carried on there since 1546, and the aggregate production has reached the amount of $700,000,000. For hundreds of years the peons brought up the ore on their shoulders from the depths of the mine by climbing an endless series of ladders. Only comparatively recently have modern methods of raising the precious metal to the surface been employed. It is a very steep climb up to this ancient city, the railway doubling on its track in great curves. The engine pants and labours, and sometimes comes to a standstill in its effort to draw the heavy trains up the mountain. The town is wonderfully picturesque, with its narrow streets, its winding tramways, its donkeys laden with silver ore, its men wrapped to the eyes in grey serapes, and wearing sombreros with high conical peaks and immensely broad brims. These are typical figures one meets at every railway station in Mexico. The town is like most others in the republic, with its flat-roofed houses, smiling patios, or interior courts, filled with shrubs and flowers, and fronts frescoed in brilliant colours.



CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA, GUADALAJARA.

After passing through several ranges, the road descends into the valley of Aguascalientes. The name means "hot waters," and is derived from the hot springs in the near vicinity

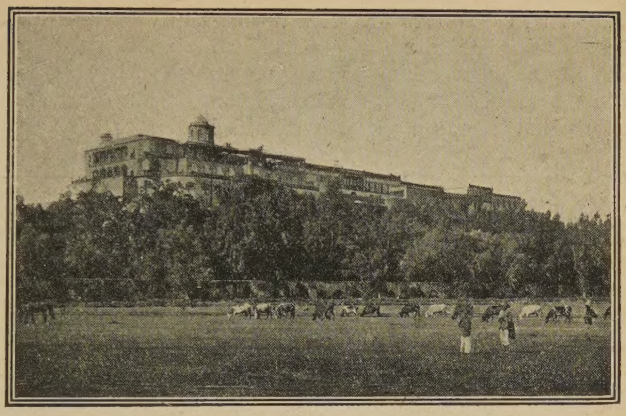
SCENE OF EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN'S EXECUTION, MEXICO.

of the capital. We arrived late at night, and were conveyed through devious streets by a mysterious-looking guide to our hotel. In the morning it was a genuine surprise to note its beautiful patio with fountain and shrubs and flowers. Thousands of people from all parts of the country throng the streets and plazas of this old and beautiful city to attend the great fair or feast of San Marcos. Aguascalientes has especial attractions for lady tourists, because of the beautiful needle-work (drawn work), which is brought to all trains by the vendors, for sale at very low rates.

At Guanajuato, a mining town of fifty thousand inhabitants, one of the strange features shown is the Catacombs, like the necropolis of the Capuchine monastery in Rome. In long, underground vaults are placed the skeletons of the poorer class of persons, for whom permanent sepulchres could not be secured. In the dry climate the mummified remains continue unchanged for years.

Guadalajara has a population of about 125,000, and is second only to the city of Mexico in size and importance. It is a beautiful city, with arcaded trees, and some of the finest public buildings, parks, gardens, etc., in Mexico. Among the many interesting buildings are the governor's palace, the sumptuous cathedral, and the hospital, with its twenty-three patios, in each of which are flowers, plants, and fountains. Guadalajara is claimed to be the most beautiful city of the republic. In the sacristy of the cathedral is an "Assumption" by Murillo, which is said to be the original of his masterpiece at Madrid.

Queretaro is another thriving town of fifty thousand inhabitants, but its chief interest is the fact that here the unfortunate Maximilian's dream of a Mexican empire came to an end on June 19th, 1867, when with two of his generals he was captured and shot. Three shapeless stones mark the melancholy spot.



CHAPULTEPEC, MEXICO.

A few miles north of the capital is the celebrated Nochistongo Cut, a great canal commenced in 1607, for the purpose of draining the Valley of Mexico. It varies in width from 280 to 630 feet, with a depth of from 150 to 196 feet. A fine view of this remarkable work may be had from the trains of the Mexican Central Railway.

As we go south, on every side are well-cultivated fields and gardens, running streams, green meadows, large maguey plantations, and in the distance the gleam of the church spires and domes of the city, while still further beyond may be seen the snow-capped peaks of the extinct volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl.

The city of Mexico is the largest and most important in the republic. It was founded by the Aztecs toward the end of the thirteenth century, and conquered by the Spaniards in 1521, who retained possession three hundred years, until September 27th, 1821, at which time Mexican independence was gained. The present population is about 350,000.

There are upwards of one hundred and twenty churches, the principal one in size and grandeur being the cathedral, with two lofty towers. There are many fine business houses and magnificent residences, the latter being built around "patios," or open court-yards, in which are flowers, palms, and fountains.

The city of Mexico, in its situation, its history, its antiquities, and its associations, is one of the most interesting in the world. When the long lines of glittering edifices of the Aztec city met the eyes of Cortes and his followers, "it looked," said Prescott, "like a thing of fairy creation rather than the work of mortal hands." It was nine miles in circumference, its dwellings num-

A MAGNIFICENT AVENUE NEAR THE PALACE, CHAPULTEPEC.

bered sixty thousand, and its inhabitants probably half a million. Its most remarkable structure was the "teocalli," or temple, completed in 1486. It was a great pyramidal structure, on whose summit was an altar of ever-burning fire. Its barracks were garrisoned by ten thousand soldiers. In the final siege of the city Cortes destroyed much of what he describes as the most beautiful thing in the world.

The city presents an aspect of grandeur and magnificence unsurpassed by any other in the world

AN AVENUE OF CYPRESSES IN THE PARK AT CHAPULTEPEC, MEXICO.

Its museum contains one of the most extensive galleries of paintings in America, and a perfectly unique collection of Aztec antiquities.

THE VEGA CANAL, MEXICO.

The Spaniards held possession for three hundred years, 1521 to 1821. The most striking evidence of their occupation is a splendid cathedral, a majestic structure, one of the largest in existence, founded in 1573, under the auspices of Charles V. The interior is rich and gorgeous with gold and silver and jewels of immense value. The palace of the Montezumas gave place to the palace of Cortes, which was the residence of many viceroys.

On our arrival in Mexico we were met at the station by Mr. Jack Hunt, son of the late Rev. John Hunt, of Canada. Mr. Hunt has made himself familiar with the Spanish language, and was our guide, philosopher, and friend in tours through the republic. He represents the firm of Firstbrook Brothers, of Toronto, who have a large business in Mexico, and is a very young man to have charge of so important affairs. Mr. Hunt enjoyed the distinction of being probably the youngest official member of any Methodist Quarterly Board in the world. Before he had reached his seventeenth birthday he was elected to that position in the Methodist Episcopal church founded in the city of Mexico by Dr. William Butler, whose son, Dr. John Butler, is superintendent of Methodist Missions throughout the republic.

Mexico is a city of remarkable contrasts, of magnificence and dilapidation, of splendour and poverty. Nowhere will one see more sumptuous carriages, well-groomed horses, stately coachmen, and elegantly-dressed ladies than those which every afternoon from five to seven parade up and down the Paseo de la Reforma, a sort of Champs Elysees, of nearly three miles, through an avenue of tall eucalyptus and other trees.

At the end of this avenue is the Chapultepec, or the palace of the President. It occupies a magnificent position on the summit of a high ridge, not unlike the Castle Rock at Edinburgh. Around its base is a noble park, containing

DRAWING PULQUE FROM MAGUEY PLANT, MEXICO.

some of the most magnificent cypress trees that we have ever seen. They have a sombre grandeur that is wonderfully impressive. From the marble-flagged terraces of the castle, or, better still, from its roof-garden, where a magnificent display of flowers blooms perennially, is a view of remarkable grandeur of the shining towers and domes of the city of Mexico, the great plain in which it stands, and the snow-capped mountains in the background. This eminence was a pleasure resort of the Montezumas, and later of the no less unhappy Maximilian. In the museum is the finest collection in existence of Aztec monuments and memorials.

The principal promenade is the Alameda, embellished with many fountains and eleven "glorietas," or summer pavilions, and here good military music is often heard.

The city of Mexico is far within the tropics, below the twentieth degree of latitude. At noon the sun was vertically overhead, yet so great is its altitude, nearly eight thousand feet above the sea, that though the direct sunlight was hot, the shade was delightfully cool, and in the evening a light overcoat and blankets on the bed were necessary. At the same date the people of Toronto were sweltering under a hot wave.

It was a genuine surprise to note what splendid two-story electric cars plied through the city and far out into the suburbs. From the upper deck one had a broad view over the country and into the lovely gardens on either side. Till recent years, so great was the peril of robbery by bandits and burglars that the haciendas or farm buildings were surrounded by a high stone wall, which was often loopholed for musketry. Into these all the implements were brought at night, and all the farm produce was conveyed, and here the labourers lived in squalid hovels. Although law and order now are admirably administered, still the old

style of building is largely maintained. Even the terminus of a suburban street railway runs into an enclosure with great iron gates, which are locked at night.

BORDA GARDEN, CUERNAVACA, MEXICO.

One of the things one is told he must not fail to see in Mexico is the extremely interesting Vega Canal, with its so-called "floating gardens." Here one can best study the picturesque customs and costumes of the peasant people. An endless succession of flat-bottomed market boats laden with tomatoes, oranges, lemons, and many other fruits and bright-coloured flowers, supply the markets of the great city. Rather squalid-looking villages skirt the canal, which reminded one more of a Kaffir kraal than of aught else. The rude shacks are built of bamboo, with wattled walls and straw roofs, and the garb and appearance of the people conform thereto. Some were dressed, or half-dressed, in rude sacking, others in coarse cotton, but many looked strikingly picturesque in their sombreros and serapes. The native rain cloak is made of corn husks, and its wearer looks like a perambulating shock of corn.

The most hateful spectacle in Mexican towns and cities is the pulque shops which abound at almost every corner of the native quarter. These are painted in garish and gaudy colours, often with rude pictures of Bacchanalian scenes. The pulque is the fermented juice of the maguey plant. Hundreds of puncheons are brought into town every day by the railway trains, and it is often distributed to these pulque shops in bloated and disgusting-looking pig-skins. The smell is abominable. It is intoxicating, and its use becomes a passion with the natives, who can get drunk for a cent or two.

HUGE LIVE-OAK, MEXICO.

One of our cuts shows a peon sucking the juice with a gourd, with which he then fills his pig-skin.

Among the ridiculous names of the pulque shops are the following:

"Paradise," "Esperanza" (Hope), "Esmerelda" (Emerald), "Providential," "The Dreams of Adam," "Half Way to Hell," "The Boer," "The Fountain of Drunkenness," "At 1 o'Clock in the Morning," "Up in the Air," "Achievements of Columbus," "Surprises in Spring," "Rare Flowers for Gentlemen," and other absurd designations.

One of the saddest spectacles in Mexico is the mode of burial of the poor. A funeral tram-car that will hold sometimes as many as eight coffins, halts at the street corners, the very flimsy coffins are brought out (you can buy a child's for less than a dollar), and the shambling mules drag it out to the distant cemetery, sometimes without a solitary mourner, and sometimes another tram-car contains the relatives, who seem to make a festa of the occasion.

One of the most delightful excursions from the City of Mexico is that to Cuernavaca. It sounds more romantic in its Spanish name, the English equivalent for which is "Cow's Horn." It is a trip of only forty-seven miles, but to reach it one climbs to an altitude of over ten thousand feet, and then descends by many picturesque windings for about five thousand feet. The vast outlook is diversified by rolling hills and fertile valleys, in which the white-washed villages look like lingering snow-drifts. Cuernavaca is one of the quaintest towns which in a wide experience we have ever met. The adobe hotel, its queer little *patio,* its deep embrasured windows, with iron gratings, and its Mexican *menu,* is something not soon to be forgotten. At a native livery, as odd as anything that can be conceived, Mr. Hunt procured three horses with Mexican saddles for our little party. A conspicuous feature of these saddles is a high pommel to which the cowboy's lariat is attached, but it proved extremely useful for a tenderfoot for clinging to.

MARKET-PLACE, MEXICO.

Our ride led through stony streets, bordered with oleanders and other trees, covered with fragrant and brilliant flowers, through deep ravines, along hillsides where the horses had to climb like a cat, and down through a deep gorge where the Falls of San Antonio made a plunge of one hundred and twenty feet into a placid pool beneath. The

Borda Garden, shown in our cut, is like a bit of Versailles, or the Boboli Gardens at Florence, with their fragrant roses and jasmines, their pavilions and terraces, their pleached alleys, fountains, and vine-covered arcades. But it was a splendour of tropical luxuriance and fruit peculiar to itself. Delicious mangoes lay thick upon the ground. It seemed a sin to see such waste of luscious fruit.

milian made a magnificent stone road to the capital, which since the construction of the railway has gone to dilapidation.

Another trip one should not fail to make is that to the ancient city of Pueblo, the richest church in Mexico, and on to Orizaba and Vera Cruz. Mount Orizaba is nearly three thousand feet higher than any mountain in Europe. Its snow-clad peak pierces the deep blue

GROUP OF INDIANS, MEXICO.

The view from the old Palace of Cortes, now the municipal building, with its palms and gardens, is one of the finest we ever beheld. We visited two rather shabby-looking churches which were nearly a hundred years old when the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock. The schools, the cloisters, and patios were like a bit of old Spain. A visit to Cuernavaca should be by no means omitted from one's tour through Mexico. It may be made in a parlour car as elegant and comfortable as anything in Canada. Over these hills the Emperor Maxi-

sky, and an icy wind sweeps down to the railway station at its base. In two hours the Mexican Railway, known as the Queen's Own—it was built by British capital in the solid British way—creeps down on a narrow shelf in yawning chasms, in many curves, to the quaint old town of Orizaba, at its base. The leaping cascades, the hanging gardens, the mountain scenery, give it much the air of a Swiss village, which, however, is belied by the tropical foliage and the coffee plantations in its neighbourhood. Its rough cobble pave-

A HOTEL DINING-ROOM AT PUEBLA, MEXICO.

ments, however, are, we believe, the worst in the world.

At our hotel a charming young lady, dressed in vivid crimson, which well became her dark Spanish style of beauty, became our interpreter. She spoke English with a pronounced accent, and an odd manner of continual surprise. Here the Methodist Church has a flourishing mission and school. Anything more quaint than the market-places, where the peasant people bring great quantities of bright-coloured, queer-smelling, and odd-tasting fruits of varied names and hues, is scarcely conceivable.

In the foothills near the eastern coast, as we approach Vera Cruz, lies one of the most fertile regions on the face of the globe. Here sugar cane is perennial. Ginger is plentiful in the mountains, as are also lemons, limes, sweet oranges, and sarsaparilla. Here coffee of the finest quality grows luxuriantly, with its glossy evergreen leaves and bright red berries, and on the forest trees grows an infinite variety of orchids.

Vera Cruz is one of the chief ports of Mexico, and is a city of some considerable importance. A remarkable feature is the flocks of coal black buzzards who do the scavenger work of the city. When poised motionless with distended wings on the roofs, they look against the blue sky as if cut out of sheet iron, so stiff and ungainly are they. The country strangely reminds one of both Egypt and Spain, so marked is the resemblance of costume, and custom, and character between the people of those countries.

The great mineral belt of Mexico, which has produced one-third of the silver now existing in the world, for three hundred and fifty years, has been producing its millions annually, but never before as much as at the present time. The production in 1898 was the greatest in the history of the country, amounting to $85,000,000, including gold, silver, lead, and copper.

Of the marvellous history of Methodism in Mexico we cannot now speak; we may return to this fascinating subject again.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.*

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REV. DR. CUYLER.

"Heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time."

N reading the Recollections of Dr. Theodore Cuyler one feels that the words of the poet have a particular application in his case. In his life of fourscore years he has stood shoulder to shoulder with the foremost reformers of his time. He began his journalistic career at the early age of fifteen by entering into a controversy on the slavery question. It is now estimated that two hundred million copies of his articles have been circulated in his native land alone, besides the many translations made into other tongues. Amid these strenuous labours with his pen he has spent nearly threescore years of active service in the Christian ministry. During thirty of these years he was pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Church, Brooklyn, at one time the largest Presbyterian church in America. Celebrated preachers, reformers, politicians, and writers have all come within the range of his many-sided life. Seldom, if ever, have we found such a pleasing series of glimpses into the home-life of the great men of both the earlier and later half century. It is doubtful if they could be duplicated by any other living American.

Our first glimpse of this famous preacher that was to be is as a boy on his grandfather's farm on the shores of Cayuga Lake, in Western New York. Here we find him, after school-hours, driving the cows to pasture, carrying in the stock of firewood for the morrow, playing with the dog, the kittens, and the pet sheep. It was doubtless here, in this quiet pastoral life, that he laid the foundations of the splendid physique that was to carry him through fifty-six years of the ministry without ever spending a Sabbath in bed. His father, a promising young lawyer, had died when the lad was but four and a half years of age, and his mother went back with her only child to the parental roof.

There was then not a railway in the State, and only one small steamboat plied up and down the little lake beside the farm. Those were the days of the stage-coach, the spelling-book, and the tallow candle. But they were, nevertheless, days of progress and of thought, and the lad in the old farm-house, by dint of earnest labour, came abreast of the times and has kept abreast of them down to the present day. Of his life during that formative period Dr. Cuyler ascribes all that is good to the influence of his mother. She was evidently a woman gifted with that rare quality known as sanctified common-sense. One sees in his description of her the true mother-heart of those olden days.

At twenty years of age young Cuyler graduated from Princeton, and thence went to Europe. This youthful lion-hunt among the literary celebrities of sixty years ago makes one of the most interesting portions of the book.

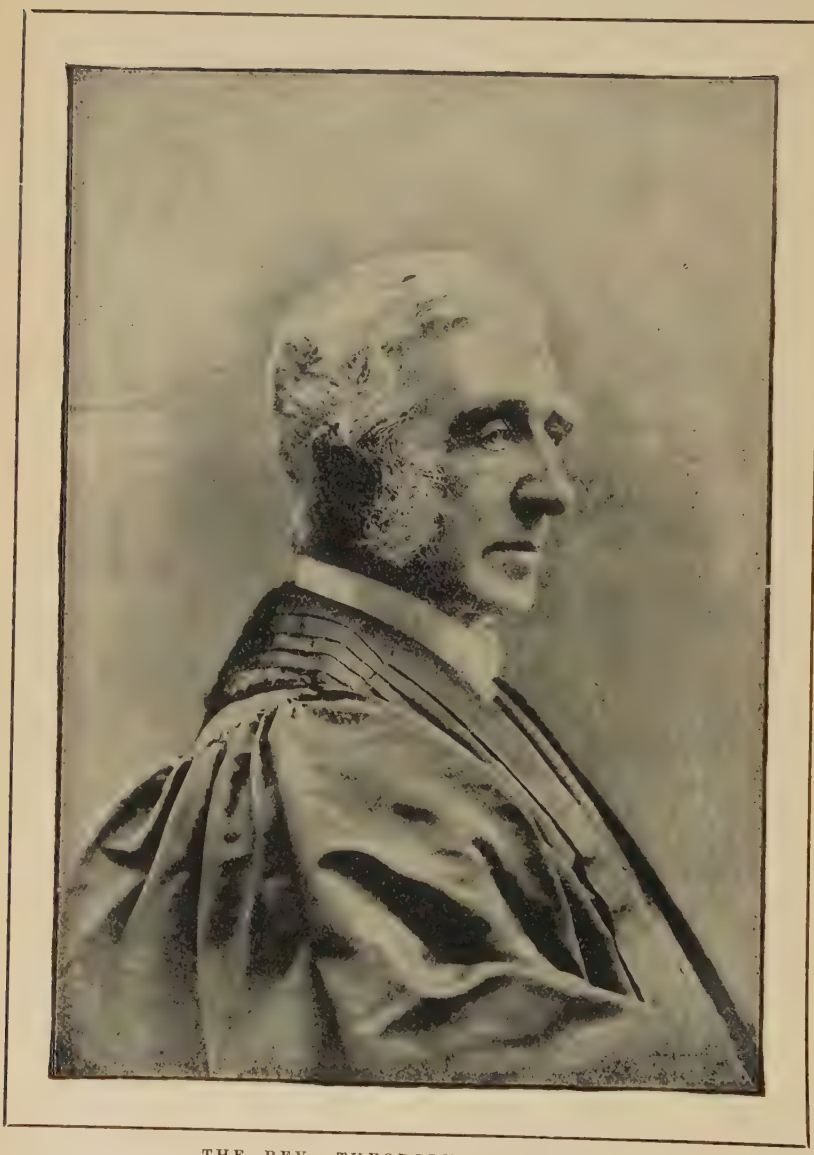
His first excursion on reaching

* "Recollections of a Long Life." An Autobiography. By Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, D.D., LL.D. Author of "Help and Good Cheer," etc., etc. New York: The Baker and Taylor Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. viii-356. Price, $1.50 net.

English soil was through the beautiful lake country. Dr. Cuyler is the only American living, save one, who visited Wordsworth in his home at Rydal Mount. Of his first glimpse of the poet from the windows of the village inn, he writes:

"I happened, just before supper, to look out of the window of the travellers' room and espied an old man in a blue cloak and Glengarry cap, with a bunch of heather stuck jauntily in the top, driving by in a little brown phaeton from Rydal Mount. 'Perhaps,' thought I to myself, 'that may be the patriarch himself,' and sure enough it was.

"The next morning I called upon him. I was shown at once into the sitting-



THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.
—From "Christendom Anno Domini 1901."

room, where I found him with his wife, who sat sewing beside him. The old man arose and received me graciously. By his appearance I was somewhat startled. Instead of a grave recluse, in scholastic black, whom I expected to see, I found an affable and lovable old man dressed in the roughest coat of blue with metal buttons, and checked trousers, more like a New York farmer than an English poet."

After a most enjoyable conversation on themes dear to the hearts of both the old writer and the young traveller, Wordsworth accompanied his guest on a walk about the neighbourhood. Of their farewell Cuyler says:

"When we returned to the door of his cottage, he gave me a parting blessing; he picked a small yellow flower and handed it to me, and I still preserve it in my edition of his works, as a relic of the most profound and the most sublime poet that England has produced during the nineteenth century."

Passing on, Dr. Cuyler journeyed through the scenes made sacred by memories of Sir Walter Scott, and visited the "Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon," immortalized by Burns. When the old sexton was pointing out the route of "Tam o' Shanter," he says:

"I asked the old man whether he had ever seen the poet. 'Only ainee,' he replied. 'That was one day when he was ridin' on a road near here. I met a friend who told me to hurry up, for Rabbie Burns was just ahead. I whippit up my horse, and came up to a roughly-dressed man, ridin' slowly along, with his blue bonnet pulled down over his forehead, and his eyes turned towards the ground.' 'Didn't you speak to him?' I said, 'Nay, nay,' replied the man in a tone of deep reverence, 'he was Rabbie Burns. I dare nae speak to him.'"

Yet it was of him that those assisting at his funeral "stated that there was not enough decent linen in the house to lay out the most splendid genius in all Scotland."

Another lion sought out by our author was Charles Dickens, by whose personality he seems to have been greatly charmed.

"How handsome he was then! with his deep, dark, lustrous eyes, and the merry mouth wreathed with laughter, and the luxuriant mass of dark hair that he wore in a sort of stack over his lofty forehead! He had a slight lisp in his pleasant voice, and ran on in rapid talk for an hour, with a shy reluctance to talk about his own works, but with the most superabounding vivacity I have ever met with in any man."

One of Dr. Cuyler's most pleasant recollections is of his visit to Thomas Carlyle. He was then not much sought out by Americans, living his secluded but laborious life in his little brick house at Chelsea.

"His greeting, however, was very hearty."

"I would like to see America," said he. "You may boast of your Dimocracy, or any other 'cracy, or any other kind of political roobish, but the reason why your labouring folk are so happy is that you have a vast deal of land for a very few people."

Thirty years later Cuyler again visited England and sent a note expressing his desire "to see the grand old man once more." "His reply," says Cuyler, "was, perhaps the briefest letter ever written. It was simply:

"'Three p.m.

"'T. C.'"

"We found the same old brick house, No. 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, without the slightest change outside or in. But during those thirty years the gifted wife had departed, and a sad change had come over the once hale, stalwart man. . . .

"After a few personal inquiries the old man launched out into a most extraordinary and characteristic harangue on the wretched degeneracy of these evil days. The prophet Jeremiah was cheerfulness itself in comparison with him. Many of the raciest things he regaled us with were entirely too personal for publication. He amused us with a description of half a night's debate with John Bright on political economy, while he said, 'Bright theed and thoud with me for hours, while his Quaker wife sat

up hearin' us baith. I tell ye, John Bright got as gude as he gie that night;' and I have no doubt that he did.

"It did my soul good, as a teetotaler, to hear his scathing denunciation of the liquor traffic. He was fierce in his wrath against 'the horrible and detestable damnation of whusky and every kind of strong drink.' In this strain the thin and weird-looking old iconoclast went on for an hour, until he wound up by declaring, 'England has joost gane clear doon into an abominable cesspool of lies, shoddies, and shams—down to a bottomless damnation. Ye may gie whatever meaning to that word that ye like.' He could not refrain from laughing heartily himself at the conclusion of this eulogy on his countrymen. If we had not known that Mr. Carlyle had a habit of exercising himself in this kind of talk, we should have felt a sort of consternation. As it was, we enjoyed it as a postscript to 'Sartor Resartus' or the 'Latter Day' pamphlets, and listened and laughed accordingly. As we were about parting from him with a cordial and tender farewell, my friend, Newman Hall, handed him a copy of his celebrated little book, 'Come to Jesus.' Mr. Carlyle, leaning over his table, fixed his eyes on the inscription on the outside of the booklet, and as we left the room we heard him repeating to himself the title, 'Coom to Jesus—Coom to Jesus.'"

Not less interesting than his reminiscences of the literary men of his youth are those of men of later times, such as Gladstone, Dean Stanley, Shaftesbury, Father Matthew, and others. To the last named of these is due the credit of having influenced at least five million people to take the pledge of total abstinence.

Breakfast with the Gladstones is a charming incident in these pages. What seems to have impressed our author most about the grand old statesman was his splendid way of locking up his cares and laying them aside for a time.

With the burden of a nation on his shoulders, he could sleep like a child. A package of despatches came in while they were at breakfast, but he left them untouched by his plate till the meal was over. One of them he found, on opening, to bear the results of the arbitration at Geneva. In the same way did he bar out all politics from the Sabbath hours. "Amid all the pressure of public cares and duties," said he, "I thank God for the Sabbath with its rest for the body and the soul."

Equally interesting is the description of Dr. Brown, author of "Rab and His Friends," of the gracious Dean Stanley and the hospitality extended him at the Deanery.

But it was not only on his trips to Europe that Dr. Cuyler met celebrities. He has charming reminiscences of Irving, Whittier, Webster, Greeley, and a goodly number of those who have been shaping the history of his own land as well. On board a little steamer on the Tappan-Zee one day he chanced to meet with Washington Irving, the "Father of American Literature." As the little steamer glided along the banks of the storied Hudson, the good-humoured author traced for his companion the route of Ichabod Crane on his night ride up the valley, and pointed out the house that was the original of Baltus Van Tassel's homestead in that same "Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

In much the same incidental way did Dr. Cuyler make the acquaintance of Whittier, of whom he continued an ardent admirer to the end of his life.

Daniel Webster he saw for the first time when he was landing from a man-of-war. Him he described as the "most majestic specimen of manhood" in America. He tells how Sydney Smith said of him, "That man is a fraud; for it is impossible for any one to be as great as he looks."

In describing his last days, says Cuyler:

"The last time he walked feebly from his bed to his window he called out to his servant-man: 'I want you to moor my

yacht down there where I can see it from my window; then I want you to hoist the flag at the mast-head, and every night to hang my lamp up in the rigging; when I go down I want to go down with my colours flying and my lamp burning."

He left instructions to have put on his monument the words, "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief."

Dr. Cuyler was also favoured with the friendship of Horace Greeley, the founder of The New York Tribune, a man whom John Bright once pronounced "the greatest of living editors." He once told Cuyler that he had written editorials for a dozen papers at once, and that while preparing his history of the "American Conflict" he wrote three columns of editorials every day.

But by far the most heart-touching of Cuyler's American reminiscences are those of Lincoln and the Civil War. In 1861, when the hills of Washington were white with tents, he went down to preach to the boys in blue. He had already met President Lincoln, and been impressed by his magnetic personality. All through his life he remained a most worshipful admirer of the best-loved man that America ever cradled. During those terrible years of conflict the nation and its President seem to have lain as a great sorrow on the warm heart of Theodore Cuyler.

"We call him 'Our Martyr President,'" he says, "but the martyrdom lasted four whole years." And it is with the faithful pen of love he draws for us the picture of the great-souled backwoodsman from Illinois called to the nation's helm and the martyr's grave. We see him through the long days of anxiety, in which there is scarcely time to eat; the long, wearying, nerve-racked days and months! We see him in the darkness of midnight, wrapped in his Scotch shawl, stealing over to the War Office to listen to the click of the instruments, bringing sometimes news of victory, sometimes of slaughter and defeat. After the horrors of Fredericksburg he remarked at the War Office, "If any of the lost in hell suffered worse than I did last night, I pity them."

In a more jubilant tone is the description of the scenes at Fort Sumpter at the close of the war, when amid loud rejoicings the old flag was run up the halyards whence it had been lowered four years before. The next day Dr. Cuyler addressed a thousand little negro children. "May I," he asked, "send an invitation to the good Abraham Lincoln to come down and visit you?" A thousand little hands went up with a shout. But even then he of whom they talked lay cold and still in death.

"At Fortress Monroe, on our homeward voyage, the terrible tidings of the President's assassination pierced us like a dagger. Near the fortress poor negro women had hung pieces of coarse black muslin around every little huckster's table. 'Yes, sah, Fathah Lincum's dead. Dey killed our bes' fren', but God be libben; dey can't kill Him. I's shoo ob dat.' Her simple child-like faith seemed to reach up and grasp the everlasting arm which had led Lincoln while leading her race 'out of the house of bondage.'

"Upon our arrival in New York, we found the city draped in black, and 'the mourners going about the streets.' When the remains of the murdered President reached New York, they were laid in state in the City Hall for one day and night, and during that whole night the procession passed the coffin—never ceasing for a moment. Between three and four o'clock in the morning I took my family there, that they might see the face of our beloved martyr, and we had to take our place in a line as far away as Park Row. The whole journey to Springfield, Ill., was one constant manifestation of poignant grief. The people rose in the night simply to see the funeral train pass by. I do not wonder that when Emperor Alexander of Russia (who was himself afterwards assassinated), heard the tidings of our President's death from an Ameri-

can Ambassador, he leaped from his chair, and exclaimed, 'Good God, can it be so? He was the noblest man alive.'"

Thus Abraham Lincoln's was the last of the two hundred thousand lives laid down in the cause of Emancipation.

With the great preachers, both of Britain and America, Dr. Cuyler was on terms of intimacy. He chatted with Spurgeon in his library. He listened to that powerful appeal for missions by Dr. Duff, when Dr. James Alexander said, "Shut now this temple, let no man dare to speak here after that." Of Spurgeon he asked if he wrote his sermons out. "I would rather be hung. If I had a month assigned me for preparing a sermon, I would spend thirty days and twenty-three hours on something else, and in the last hour I would make the sermon, and if I could not do it then, I could not do it in a month."

The secret of it was that though he spent but a few minutes on his sermon he spent five days a week in the thorough, conscientious study of God's Word. The sermon was but the overflow of a vessel filled to the brim.

Beecher, on the other hand, with whom Dr. Cuyler was a co-worker in the anti-slavery, temperance, and other causes, wrote out most of his sermons, but interjected impromptu remarks, which were often the most telling parts of the sermon.

Not less interesting than Dr. Cuyler's reminiscences of men are those of the Church as a whole. During his fourscore years he has been the witness of many changes, some for the better, a few for the worse. Notably among the first of these is the increasing fellowship of the various denominations. The bitter sectarianism of his youth is a thing of the past. Dr. Cuyler believes there is no evil in denominationalism, so long as the various denominations remain loyal to the one cause. Some people, he believes, work better in a church suited to their tastes.

Another change, though one to be deplored, is the fact that, while there has been a prodigious increase of wealth, the percentage given to foreign missions is far below that given in his childhood. In this connection he says, "It is a growing custom for ministers to utter a prayer over the contribution boxes when they are brought back to the platform before the pulpit; I suspect that it in too many cases should be one of penitential confession."

Another and happier change commented on is the improved condition of our great cities. The author's early recollections of New York include memories of "Cow Bay" and "Cut Throat Alley," and other such places no longer possible in our present stage of civilization. He was also privileged to watch from their obscure birth the growth of the two great societies, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Society of Christian Endeavour.

On the other hand. Dr. Cuyler deplores the decrease in church attendance of the present day, the lack of regard for the Sabbath, the intellectual famine resulting from excessive novel-reading, the terrible evil of the divorce system, and the great publicity the newspaper columns are giving to modern life.

Out of his experience as a minister of the gospel his earnest advice to his brethren is "to seek souls," first, last, and always. He has great faith in the pastoral work. In the words of Chalmers, he says, "A house-going minister makes a church-going people." While only one minister out of ten may make a great preacher, he believes the other nine, by the grace of God, may become great pastors.

His own life, despite the many conflicts he has waged for Truth

and Right, seems to have ever had a background of deep peace. For thirty years he ministered in Lafayette Avenue Church, Brooklyn, of which he was the founder; then on the thirtieth anniversary of his pastorate, before his strength began to fail, he resigned his charge. Still, at the age of fourscore years, he is hale and hearty, and at work in his vine-clad home in Brooklyn. In the same neighbourhood, the beautiful spot known as Cuyler Park, expresses the city's tribute to his greatness.

On his eightieth birthday the "Chi Alpha" Society of New York, one of the most widely known of clerical brotherhoods, extended their greetings. After brief speeches and the presentation of a beautiful "address," the Rev. Charles Lemuel Thompson read this splendid poem, which he had composed on behalf of the society, in honour of Dr. Cuyler. We might add that "Croton" is the name of the river and reservoir from which New York derives its wholesome water supply.

Fill—fill up your glasses—with Croton!
Fill full to the brim, I say,
For the dearest old boy among us,
Who is ten times eight to-day.

It is three times three and a tiger—
It is hands to your caps, O men!
For our Captain of captains rejoices,
In his counting of eight times ten.

Foot square on the bridge and gripping
As steady as fate the wheel,
He has taken the storms to his forehead,
And cheered in the tempest's reel.

He has seen the green sea monster
Go writhing down the gale,
But never a hand to slacken,
And never a heart to fail.

So it's Ho! to our Captain dauntless,
Trumpet-tongued and eagle-eyed,
With the spray of the voyage behind him,
And the Pilot by his side.

Together they sail into sunset—
Slow down for the harbour bell,
For the flash of the port, and the message
"Well done"—It is well—It is well.

So it's three times three and a tiger!
Breathe deep for the man we love;
His heart is the heart of a lion,
His soul is the soul of a dove.

It is Ho! to the Captain we honour,
Salute we the man and the day,
On his brow are the snows of December,
In his heart are the bird-songs of May.

With his pen Dr. Cuyler is still ministering to that world-wide congregation to which he has so long been known. In the columns of The Independent, The New York Observer, The Christian Intelligencer, and various other periodicals, his words of hope and strength have entered a multitude of homes each week. He has been acknowledged the most successful tract-writer living. But, like so many others, his noblest works have been those "written in tears." "The Empty Crib," written after the death of his little son, has immortalized the child's grave in Greenwood. "God's Light on Dark Clouds," another book that has brought consolation to thousands, was written just after the death of his second daughter, Louise Ledyard Cuyler, at the age of twenty-two. In the evening light the veteran saint is still working on till the Boatman shall come to bear him toward the Harbour Lights where waiteth his reward.

Oh, poverty is disconsolate.
Its pains are many, its foes are strong;
The rich man in his joyful cheer,
Wishes 'twas winter through the year;
The poor man 'mid his wants profound,
With all his little children round,
Prays God that winter be not long.

—*Mary Howitt.*

WESLEY'S JOURNAL.*

BY THE REV. DANIEL M. GORDON, D.D.,

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II.

ESLEY'S own preaching, be it remembered, was not in vivid appeals to the imagination or to the feelings; it was rather a calm and reasoned statement of the truth and a strong appeal to the conscience, aiming at the conviction of sin and the presentation of God's redeeming grace in Christ. Indeed, his Journal is pervaded by the sense of the heinousness of sin, and of the all-sufficient, overflowing, redeeming grace of God. Preachers complain to-day of the difficulty of rousing their hearers to a vivid sense of sin. Is this due to the lack, on their own part, of the consciousness of guilt? But preaching must lose its power, and religion its intensity when this deepest sense of need has lost its edge. "Give me," said Wesley, "one hundred preachers, who fear nothing but sin and desire nothing but God, and I care not a straw whether they be clergymen or laymen, such alone will shake the gates of hell and set up the kingdom of heaven upon earth."

Yet, while he thus aimed at laying hold of the conscience, he would not ignore the emotions. Referring to a sermon upon the witness of our feelings, he says, "I preached upon that delicate device of Satan to destroy the whole religion of the heart, the telling men not to regard frames or feelings, but to live by naked faith; that is, in plain terms, not to regard either love, joy, peace or any other fruit of the Spirit; not to regard whether they feel these or the reverse, whether their souls be in a heavenly or hellish frame." To some of us it may seem, as we read his Journal, that Wesley made too much of the witness of the feelings; yet he recognizes that feeling is not the full test or fruit of the Spirit's influence, that it must pass over into conduct, habit, character. Referring to a discourse on this subject, he says, "I described the one undivided fruit of the Spirit, one part of which men are continually labouring to separate from the other; but it cannot be. None can retain peace or joy without meekness and long-suffering; nay, nor without fidelity and temperance. Unless we have the whole, we cannot long retain any part of it." He knew that merely to awaken men to a sense of sin and danger, or even to lead them to a profession of faith, was not enough. There must be the upbuilding of the new believer so that he shall go on unto perfection. Thus he says, "Preaching like an Apostle without joining together those that are awakened and training them up in the ways of God, is only begetting children for the murderer;" and again, "The devil desires nothing more than people should be half awakened and then left to themselves to fall asleep again." Hence he insisted very strongly on what he called the "good doctrine of perfection," regarding which he says, "Perfection is loving God with all our heart and our neighbour as ourselves." He finds fault with those preachers who treat of it only in general terms and fail to urge believers to press towards it and to live in hourly

* Inaugural Lecture. Session 1902-3 of the Presbyterian College, Halifax.

expectation of being perfected in love.

ASSURANCE.

I am not now discussing Wesley's theology, but his Journal illustrates what we frequently find in the history of Christian doctrine, that controversy is often due to the difference of meaning attached by opponents to the same word. The term "assurance," for example, is by many applied to the firm conviction of future and final salvation; but Wesley used it of the present, not of the future, as he distinctly says, "By assurance I mean a confidence which a man hath in God that by the merits of Christ his sins are forgiven and he reconciled to the favour of God." The term "sanctification" means for many their being "renewed in the whole man after the image of God," but Wesley says, "I endeavoured to show in what sense sanctification is gradual and in what sense it is instantaneous." He claims to "think on justification just as Mr. Calvin does," but he surely does not attach the same meaning to sanctification that Calvin does. We need, therefore, to get behind the terms to the ideas and experiences which they are intended to express; otherwise controversy is only a beating the air and can never advance the interest of truth. When we do this we may find that we and those from whom we seem to differ are not so very far apart, while, on the levels of spiritual experience, of living union with Christ and of the efforts and services inspired by love to Him, they and we may be really at one. We can take our stand with Wesley when he says, "The fundamental doctrine of the people called Methodists is, Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the true faith; the faith which works by love; which, by means of the love of God and of our neighbour, produces both inward and outward holiness. This faith is an evidence of things not seen; and he that believes is regenerate, or born of God; and he has the witness in himself (call it assurance or what you please); the Spirit itself witnesses with his spirit that he is a child of God. This is the true portraiture of Methodism so called."

Wesley came to his countrymen, therefore, with a very definite Gospel which he believed with all his heart. To preach this Gospel became the controlling passion of his life, and, although he had always been a worker, yet now his clearer grasp of truth and his possession of the "faith which worketh by love" seemed to let loose and to intensify the energies of his soul in a career of untiring activity.

HIS LABOURS.

We find him on one day (28th April, 1739,) holding five preaching services, a funeral, and two fellowship meetings, three of the services being at open-air gatherings of 4,000, 3,000, and 7,000 people; and at the close of the day's record he writes, "O, how God has renewed my strength, who used ten years ago to be so faint and weary with preaching twice a day."

London and Bristol were for some time the two centres from which his work radiated to the surrounding country, but by degrees he extended his visits throughout the kingdom, endeavouring in all quarters to form societies for the quickening of religious life. Preaching was with him not confined to Sundays; it was his daily task and his daily delight; and during most of his ministry he preached three times a day, usually beginning early in the morning. If he had no early preaching service he often began a journey in the early hours, so that we find him riding twenty miles be-

fore preaching at 9 a.m., and preaching the same day in the afternoon and in the evening. Even when over sixty we find him preaching four times and riding fifty miles in one day. Not until he was seventy did he cease travelling on horseback, and then through the kindness of some friends who gave him a carriage he was able to keep up his itinerancy as before.

He must have had a good constitution, for once, in Georgia, he slept outdoors in wet clothes, which were frozen about him through the night, and yet he felt no ill effects. Twice he was seriously ill. On one of these occasions (in 1753) he was threatened with consumption, brought on by repeated attacks of cold, and, in expectation of death, he wrote the inscription which he desired should be placed upon his tombstone. He had, however, a rapid recovery, and was soon back to his multitudinous labours. Over twenty years later he had another illness, occasioned by sleeping on the ground in hot weather, although he said he had been accustomed to do this for forty years without injury.

When entering his seventy-second year, he wrote, "I find just the same strength as I did thirty years ago. My sight is considerably better now and my nerves firmer than they were then. I have none of the infirmities of old age. The grand cause is the good pleasure of God. The chief means are (1) My constantly rising at four for about fifty years. (He usually went to bed at half-past nine.) (2) My generally preaching at five in the morning, one of the most healthy exercises in the world. (3) My never travelling less by sea or land than 4,500 miles in a year." And almost all his land travel was on horseback. On one occasion he rode from Bristol to London in one day, a distance of 119 miles, to see his sick wife, and back again the next day to be present at Conference. In addition to these means for preserving health, he mentions on a later occasion, "the ability, if ever I want, to sleep immediately; the never losing a night's sleep in my life; and, may I add, evenness of temper? I feel and grieve, but, by the grace of God I fret at nothing." It is not until he is in his eighty-seventh year that we find him writing, "I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. However, blessed be God I can still preach and write;" and that same year we find him preaching three times on Easter Sunday and again three times the next day.

LITERARY ACTIVITY.

Nor did he confine himself to preaching, although for over fifty years he preached on an average of fifteen times a week. Even while travelling he tried to make fullest use of his time, for he did much of his reading on horseback; and sometimes in the interruptions of travel he translated or summarized books for the use of the young or for general readers. Being laid up with a sprained ankle, he wrote a Hebrew grammar and a book of lessons for children. During a delay, when journeying in Wales, he translated Aldrich's Logic. He prepared short histories of Rome and of England for the school at Kingswood. And thus, largely through the use of what to others would have been leisure moments, some two hundred books were written or abridged by him for publication. He gave a good deal of attention, also, to the education of the young, to the relief of the poor and to services for the prisoners; while over all was his vast work of supervising the societies which he had founded and which were increasing in number every year.

Our army in South Africa dur-

ing the first year of the late war was described as "contentedly immobile in the midst of galloping foes." That has sometimes been the condition of our churches. But it was not so with Wesley, for, if ever a leader possessed mobility, it was he. Reading the story of his work we little wonder that we should find him saying. "Repose is not for me in this world." "Leisure and I have taken leave of each other. If my health will permit, I propose to be busy as long as I live," and he often prayed, "Lord, let me not live to be useless." Not that he did not enjoy pleasant and quiet fellowship; far from it; the company of congenial souls was very dear to him; but he says of such fellowship, unaccustomed by activity, "I can trust myself about once a year in this warm sunshine, but not much oftener, else I should melt away." The light regard in which he held earthly attractions reminds us of what is told of Mahomet, that when he saw Damascus in its loveliness he gazed on it for a little and then turned away, saying, "Man can have but one paradise, and mine is not here."

CHARACTERISTICS OF JOURNAL.

Occasionally in his Journal he mentions public incidents, such as the vain effort of Prince Charlie in "the '45" and the general thanksgiving for the victory at Culloden; and, a generation later, the war of American Independence, when Wesley took a very strong stand against the revolting colonies. Frequently there are illustrations of the social condition of the people, as in references to duelling, to the press-gang, to the prevalent practice of smuggling, to the method adopted in medicine, to the mode of travelling, to the provision for the poor and the criminals, to the drink traffic and to the slave trade. But such topics are touched on only in the briefest, incidental way; for the Journal is mainly a record of his own work and of the varied classes with which he was called to deal. He sometimes refers to the beauties of nature, and much less frequently to works of art, but it is on living men that his interest is focussed and he never wearies of narrating individual cases. He expects that many of those which he mentions will be treated with unbelief or even with ridicule, but he is at pains to set forth facts, be the interpretation what it may. To some it may be monotonous to follow him through these records, and they might prefer a more condensed biography; just as travelling across the prairies on horseback might seem very monotonous to some as compared with the journey by an express train; but the slower pace with the frequent stoppages, the daily tenting, the repetition of familiar experiences, gives you a knowledge of the country that is impossible for one who sees it only from the window of a railway car. So, too, no sketch of Wesley could give us such a picture of him as we get from his Journal, with all its detail of his activities and of his intercourse with men.

Needless to say, he had a firm, unflinching faith in the power of prayer. He thought of himself as the object of constant special providence, even sunshine or cloud being often arranged for his benefit. He lived in the supernatural, but sometimes his views of it seemed tinged with superstition. He has a word in favour of witchcraft and of apparitions; hearing a dog howl at night, he notes that at the same hour a neighbour died. When his horses ran away and he, with others, escaped unhurt, he says, "I am persuaded both good and evil angels had a large share in the transaction." Of a great noise that once occurred while he was preaching,

he writes, "I believe none can account for it without supposing some preternatural influence; Satan fought lest his kingdom should be delivered up." This readiness to ascribe strange events to supernatural forces was by no means peculiar to Wesley, and it need not lead us to question his judgment in spiritual things, or to rely any the less upon those records of individual religious experiences that give his Journal a peculiar value.

LAY HELPERS.

But Wesley's personal efforts, however great or fruitful, could not have produced their permanent results without the co-operation of others. At the outset his brother Charles, his friend Whitefield and Mr. Howell Harris, an educated layman, were closely associated with him, but among the clergy there was little or no response to their efforts, except in the way of opposition, although their work was within the lines of the Church of England, and their one aim was the revival of religion. In the absence, therefore, of any help from the clergy, and in view of the number and needs of the societies that were being gathered for promoting religious life, it became necessary to make use of lay preaching. At first Wesley was much opposed to this plan. Even when it began with one of his own converts preaching with marked success in London, he thought it should be stopped; but he was wise enough in this, as in many other matters, to heed the counsel of his mother. When he complained to her of the preacher's conduct, she said, "John, you know what my sentiments have been; you cannot readily suspect me of favouring anything of this kind. But take care what you do with respect to that young man; for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are."

Thus the way was opened for this new agency, and the lay ministry soon grew to large proportions. These pious and earnest laymen, while still pursuing their worldly occupations, gave all their leisure time to preaching. Wesley himself drew up a course of systematic study for them, and he helpfully counselled them regarding their defects so that they might, as far as possible, make up for lack of training. They were working as his assistants, and, by the force of circumstances, he was constrained to exercise a sort of episcopal authority over them. The doctrine and practice of these preachers were to conform to his Sermons and Notes on the New Testament; and, as he proved to be their personal friend, they, for the most part, gladly and loyally submitted to his guidance.

ORGANIZED SOCIETIES.

While, however, the members of the societies were thus ministered to by lay preachers, they were obliged to go for the sacraments to the clergy of the Church of England; but the clergy were, with few exceptions, opposed to the Methodists and excluded them from Communion. This was a great hardship to them, all the more so as Wesley never weakened in his regard for the sacraments as means of grace, nor in his claim to be a faithful member and minister of the Church. The movement, as he regarded it, was not the introduction of new doctrine; nor was it intended by him to form a new denomination. What he aimed at was a revival of religious life by a decided return to apostolic teaching. As to membership in their societies he writes, "Is a man a believer in Jesus Christ, and is his life suitable to his profession, are the sole inquiries I make in order to his admission into our society. If he is a dissenter he may be a dis-

senter still, but if he is a Churchman I advise him to remain a Churchman." For over thirty years he refused to have services held in their chapels at the regular hours of worship in the Established Church, he was so unwilling to do anything that would keep the members from the ordinary ministrations of the Church.

One of the lay preachers was ordained by an English bishop, and some others by a Greek bishop who was in England in 1761, and was much interested in Wesley's work, but this was the only Episcopal recognition of his lay preachers. It became clear, however, that God's approval of their ministry was expressed in the number of those who, by means of their preaching, were led to believe and to enter upon a new life. It seemed, therefore, to the members to be no breach of New Testament discipline that some of these should be set apart for the ministry of the sacraments as well as of the Word, even without the touch of an Episcopal hand.

THE CLASS-MEETING.

While the lay preacher was Wesley's helper almost from the outset, another essential to the success of the revival movement was the class-meeting. This was the gathering together of a number of members under the guidance of some experienced Christian for the promotion of their own spiritual life, the circle being small enough to allow of intimate acquaintance and mutual help. Wesley had found this plan carried out with excellent results by the Moravians. He introduced it into each society that he formed, the society or congregation being divided into classes, thus providing religious training for new converts and a most valuable help for all the missionary work of the connexion. At first the class-leaders were expected to visit their members at home, but, as this made too great a demand upon their time, they held a weekly meeting of the members at which their spiritual experience might be considered and their religious life be deepened. This greatly helped to secure the effective pastoral oversight of the people, a matter of supreme importance to Wesley, for he was no less eminent as a pastor than as an evangelist; and, although changes have come in the constitution and practice, with the supply of an educated ministry, yet the lay preacher and the class-meeting are still essential factors of Methodism.

OPPOSITION.

Like other great religious leaders, Wesley had to fight against serious opposition and difficulties. Much of the opposition appears to us now almost unaccountable, coming, as it did, from ministers and magistrates as well as from the mob, when his only offence was preaching the Gospel. England is to-day pre-eminently the land of free speech, but for years Wesley had to fight for this freedom, and his work did much to secure it for others as well as for himself. Indeed, the revival wrought by him and his fellow-workers helped greatly towards securing for England the bloodless victories of reform which cost in France the horrors of the Revolution. In his old age he reaped the fruits of those earlier conflicts and won the esteem of civil and religious dignitaries. Writing of his visit to Falmouth in 1789, he says, "The last time I was here, above forty years ago, I was taken prisoner by an immense mob, gaping and roaring like lions. But how the tide is turned! High and low now lined the street, from one end of the town to the other, out of stark love and kindness, staring as if the king were going by." In his declining years pulpits were freely

opened to him, and he was invited by the clergy to take part with them in dispensing the Lord's Supper. The last entry in his Journal is that of Sunday, 24th October, 1790, in which he refers to his preaching two sermons in pulpits of the Established Church.

CONTROVERSIES.

A great religious revival is usually attended by some wild and exaggerated views. Many are being brought into the assurance of pardon and the freedom of children of God; but some mistake this liberty for license and imagine that, if Christ makes them free from the law, this means that they may do as they like. Paul and Luther and Wesley had each to deal with men of this kind, perverting the truth so grievously that Wesley says of them, "Surely these are the first born children of Satan." Views were introduced, too, from some of the Moravians to the effect that believers should merely wait in quiet faith and expectation for the fulfilment of God's gracious purposes, without using their powers to exert for their salvation. And there were views of predestination preached by some in opposition to the freedom and breadth of redemption as taught by Wesley. We cannot here enter into the controversy. We may recognize predestination as essential in the sovereignty of God and yet we may heartily say with Wesley, "No child of man perishes except by his own fruit." The Calvinist position was maintained by Whitefield and Harris, fellow-workers of Wesley, in such a way that for a time they drew apart; and yet they were so much at one in the purpose of proclaiming God's redeeming grace that the cleavage was to a great extent bridged over, and when Wesley preached Whitefield's funeral sermon, 18th Dec., 1770, he wrote in his Journal, "In every place I wish to show all possible respect to the memory of that great and good man."

Almost as distressing as these divisions were the fluctuations in the societies, the slow response to his efforts, the failure of many upon whose judgment and zeal he had relied, so that often he had to draw together the fragments of some once prosperous society and try to infuse new life into it. We feel, as we follow him, that, had he not been a man of unconquerable faith and courage, he must once and again have abandoned the work. And, looking at the vast interests entrusted to him, the great religious movement so largely dependent upon him, we cannot but feel profoundly thankful that with his burning enthusiasm and ceaseless activity he possessed such sound judgment and sincerity, clear-sightedness and common sense, "the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind."

DOMESTIC LIFE.

Of his domestic life Wesley makes little mention. He was married, but not happily. Indeed, the insight and common sense that marked his management of Church interests seem to have been lacking in the conduct of his love affairs. Recently published letters show that in his college days he was the subject of attachments and disappointments; and we have already noticed his escape from marriage in Savannah, although it is clear from his Journal that he could not recall that incident without a pang. His biographers tell us that he was engaged to a young widow, Mrs. Murray, the matron of his orphanage at Newcastle, but that she broke off the engagement partly through the interference of some of his friends, who thought that his marriage might weaken his in-

fluence. He was, however, soon afterwards, that is, in 1751, married to another, a Mrs. Vazielle, a widow of large means, whose fortune Wesley left entirely at her own control. It was a most unhappy marriage, for she became almost a monomaniac through suspicion and jealousy. It is significant that, just after the mention of his marriage, the next entry in his Journal is: "I met the single men and showed them on how many accounts it was good for those who had received the gift from God to remain single for the kingdom of heaven's sake." More than once his wife left him, but returned at his urgent request, until at last she took her final leave. He, after bearing with her for twenty years, writes on the 23rd Jan., 1771, "For what cause I know not to this day, she set out for Newcastle, purposing never to return. I did not desert her; I did not send her away; I will not recall her (*non relinqui, non dequesi, non revocabo*)."

Of material comforts he had but few, for he had been accustomed from his youth to spend extremely little upon himself. Thirty pounds a year was the modest salary he accepted from the London societies. Although he derived a good deal from the sale of his books, yet he gave it almost entirely away, thus disbursing over twenty thousand pounds in fifty years. The Commissioner of Excise, thinking that the leader of so many religious societies must, like the bishops of the Established Church, possess a quantity of silver plate that should be taxed, sent him a form to be filled up, and received the reply: "I have two silver spoons here in London and two at Bristol; this is all the plate which I have at present and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread." When one of his lay preachers died, leaving only eighteen pence, Wesley remarked that it was quite enough for any unmarried preacher of the Gospel to leave to his executors. Of himself it was said that "he left behind him a good library of books, a well-worn clergyman's gown, a much abused reputation, and the Methodist Church."

IN SCOTLAND.

Wesley's preaching met with less response in Scotland than elsewhere; indeed, he seems to have felt that he was never reaching the hearts of his Scottish hearers. "He was a problem to them and they were a problem to him." He speaks highly of their willingness to listen, even when the truth might be put in a very plain and unpalatable form; but he failed to call forth such signs of emotion as were familiar in his congregations in England and Ireland. He says, "There is seldom fear of wanting a congregation in Scotland; but the misfortune is they know everything, so they learn nothing." At Perth he writes, "I could not find the way to their hearts. The generality of the people here are so wise that they need no more knowledge, and so good that they need no more religion." At Dundee he writes, "The congregation was, as usual, very large and very attentive. I admire this people; so decent, so serious, so perfectly unconcerned." Apparently finding his congregations smaller on week-days, he says, "The Scots dearly love the Word of the Lord on the Lord's Day;" and there is a suspicion of controversy in the note, "This people are swift to hear, slow to speak, but not slow to wrath." Yet he sometimes speaks of the Southern congregations in contemptuous terms such as he never applies to any in Scotland. Thus, of a gathering at Plymouth, he says: "I wondered at the exquisite stupidity of the hearers, who seemed to understand no more

of the matter than so many oxen." He was at least understood in Scotland, and if his hearers showed little emotion this was merely manifesting in religious matters a characteristic of their common life. Perhaps a more intimate acquaintance with the Scottish people and with types of Scottish piety might have led Wesley to modify his views about the place and importance of feeling in the pursuit of holiness, and even to recast some of his theological opinions.

Sometimes his services north of the Tweed were in the open air, as when he preached on the Calton Hill, in Edinburgh, to the largest congregation he had ever seen; but almost everywhere the use of churches was offered him, and this may have brought the better educated and well-to-do, rather than the class that so commonly flocked to him in England. Thus, he writes that in Haddington he preached to a "very elegant congregation," but he adds, "I expect little good will be done here, for we begin at the wrong end. Religion must go not from the greatest to the least, or the power would appear to be of men;" and elsewhere he says, "Everywhere we find the labouring part of mankind the readiest to receive the Gospel." While disappointed at the seeming indifference of his hearers in Scotland, he was quite as much grieved at the lifelessness of some of the ministers whom he heard. Thus, in Glasgow, he writes: "My spirit was moved within me at the sermons I heard both morning and afternoon. They contained much truth, but were no more likely to awaken one soul than an Italian opera. If the preacher is but half alive, what will the people be?"

METHODISM IN AMERICA.

Although John Wesley's work appeared to yield but little fruit in Scotland, as compared with England and Ireland, yet his influence was felt far beyond the United Kingdom. Not only did the colonies respond to it, Newfoundland being one of the first to do so, but in the United States Methodism went forward by leaps and bounds. This was in large measure due to English and Irish immigrants, who brought with them across the seas the religious life and fervour that had been awakened at home, some of their number having been local preachers who had personally felt the magnetic enthusiasm of Wesley. The Methodist societies in the States soon became so numerous that it was necessary to organize them in some form of self-government.

Wesley was still a minister of the Church of England, and he preferred Episcopacy to any other system, although he did not now regard it as enjoined in Scripture and could no longer admit the claims of the Anglican clergy. He believed that the Episcopal system would best meet the wants of the American societies. He asked the Bishop of London to ordain one of his preachers, that he might visit the societies in America in order to administer the sacraments, but the request was refused. He, therefore, decided to assert his own authority; he regarded himself as a truly scriptural "bishop," possessing, as general superintendent of the work, authority to set apart some suitable person to organize the societies in America. For this purpose Dr. Coke was ordained as superintendent in September, 1784, and two preachers, Messrs. Whatcoat and Vasey, were set apart to accompany him. Wesley had avoided the word "bishop," and the great body of Methodists in the United States have retained the Episcopal form of Church government. Of course, from the Angli-

can point of view, such ordination was not valid; but, when Wesley found the approbation of God resting upon a preacher in the spiritual results of his work, he regarded this as the true seal of his ministry; and he held that the Church, in the absence of clear Scriptural commands, "might modify its organization as time and circumstances required."

ORGANIZATION OF METHODISM.

In England it had been his custom to hold conference with his preachers; and when, to his mind, the Conference was ready for it, he cast upon it the responsibility that so long had rested upon himself of directing and controlling the formation and work of the societies. It is vain to speculate what might have been the course of this great movement if the Church of England had met it with wisdom and charity. Even in spite of her hostility her own life was greatly quickened by the work of Wesley, for the revival called forth the Evangelical party that has done so much to influence English life and action since the beginning of the 19th century. As it was, there seemed to be no course open but to organize into one body these religious societies throughout the land, outside the lines of the Established Church. To do this amidst conflicting opinions and tendencies, to see what fundamentals must be insisted upon and what non-essentials might admit of compromise, to arrange for the ministry of the Word and sacraments and to maintain throughout the ideal of a quickened religious life, required much Christian tact and wisdom on the part of Wesley and his fellow-workers. Much was, no doubt, left unfinished, for no provision was made by him to have the laymen directly represented in General Conference; but, when we think of the conditions with which he had to deal and of the extent to which he realized and met both present and prospective needs, we recognize in him the power of constructive Church statesmanship almost as great as his loving solicitude as a pastor, or his burning enthusiasm as an evangelist.

We follow him with growing interest on through his hopeful, radiant and peaceful old age. His working powers continued almost to the very end, and God graciously answered his prayer that he might not outlive his usefulness. It was with an assurance of victory and with no sadness of farewell that, near the close of his eighty-eighth year, he spoke those last words which had expressed the confidence of his life, "Best of all, God is with us." The progress of his work can be partly traced in his Journal; its result is seen in the Methodist Church, that now embraces between seven and eight millions within its membership. Yet not there only, for his influence has been felt throughout the Protestant churches of the English-speaking world. We pay our willing tribute of admiration to statesmen and to empire-builders, but we reserve our more fervent praise for those who quicken and strengthen the nation's moral and religious life. In that class Wesley holds high rank; and when the various branches of the Church of Christ with increasing accord admit the worth and service of a man, as is already the case with him, their verdict is like a forecast of the Master's own decision, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.—*Tennyson.*

ORIGIN.

BY THE REV. A. J. LOCKHART (PASTOR FELIX).

"I make all things new."

All is from God: the star that glows,
The flower that sweetens as it blows,
The Christ-hued lily and the rose—
Whence come they, but from Him?
The cedar on the mountain height,
Old ocean cast in weltering might,
And suns in all their glory bright,
Whose radiance descends to us
Through gulfs of space grown dim.

Life is from God: Ten thousand birds,
With music sweet as human words;
By pastoral streams, the flocks and herds;
Yea, that leviathan!
The eagle, whom He taught to soar;
The lion, whose majestic roar
Quells the wild desert. Yet much more
He put within the bosom of
His foremost creature—Man.

Life is from God: The Deity
His several part to low and high
Bequeaths,—to creatures of the sky,
To creatures of the sod:
The tribes that fly, the tribes that swim,
The tribes that creep, are all from Him;
And cherubim and seraphim,
With all the gracious host of Heaven
Flow from the life of God.

Life is from God: That King of Bliss
The new-creating Spirit is;
And can the First-begotten miss
Like Him begot to be?
'Twas thus the sovereign edict ran,
On that great day when all began:
In Our own image make we man,—
Not for a passing scene alone,
But for Eternity.

Man is from God: He comes to view,
A mortal, an immortal, too;—
A form of earth; a spirit, who
Can with his God commune;
One who can worship and obey;
With large discourse; whose heavenward way
Is lit by love and reason's ray,
As shines upon his mortal path
By turns the sun and moon.

Life is from God: Alas, the boast!
Man's higher, nobler life was lost;
A shadow his soul-orb hath crossed,
And marred the scene he knew.
Behold him, alien from his Lord!
Yet, what was lost and long deplored,
Behold this day again restored
To him who shall in Christ believe,
And as He wills will do!

Life is of God: From Him alone
The vital heat, the thrill, we own,
That make each centre-soul a throne
Of spirit-moving power:
For, as each arrow-ray that slew
Time's darkness, out of His great blue
Earth from yon fiery quiver drew;
Or, as the heavens drop down the dew;
So from God's heart the healing comes,
As from the cloud the shower.

Life is of God: Come then to Him,
Thou fainting soul whose way is dim!
Come to this living Fountain's brim—
The gift divine is there!
Over Earth's throe, and toil, and tear
A crystal dome serene and clear
Bends;—'tis an ether ever near,
A soft, celestial atmosphere,
Where dying souls may breathe and live;—
That atmosphere is—Prayer.

A SUMMER ISLAND.

"A summer isle of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of sea."
"A land in which it seemèd always afternoon."
—*Tennyson.*

GEORGE STREET, NASSAU, FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

IT was on a cold, rainy morning in February that we left Savannah on the steamer for Nassau. We kept on down the Florida coast until we turned eastward into the Gulf Stream. It seemed as if we had suddenly sailed into early June. The sea was smooth, the air was mild, the sky was lovely. Everybody was on deck. Off came our overcoats. It was no longer winter.

These ever-summer seas were lovely. Out of the waves rose the flying-fish, skimming in flocks through the air and dropping down again just as we were beginning to believe they were birds; the porpoises leaped and darted by the vessel's side, and every now and then we passed a nautilus, cruising along in his six-inch shell, with his transparent sail spread and sparkling in the sun.

We were journeying to find a pleasant winter climate,—one that could be depended upon. We knew of very commendable semi-tropical resorts—Florida for instance; but among the northern visitors to Florida that year had been frost and ice. In our search for the happy land we longed for, we resolved to do as Columbus did, and begin at the beginning. First to the Bahamas came he, and thither we would go too. Early in the morning, from my open port, I heard voices coming from the water, and the thumping of oars. I hastily looked out, and there was Nassau. We were almost at the wharf. A long boat, full of negroes, was car-

rying a line to the shore. I hurried on deck, and looking over the rail saw, to my astonishment, that we were floating in water not more than a foot deep! This great ship, with her engines, her cargo, her crew and passengers, was slowly moving along in water not up to your knees. The bottom was clearly visible—every stone on it could be seen as you see stones at the bottom of a little brook. I could not understand it.

"How deep is this water?" I asked of a sailor.

"About three fathom," he answered.

The town—a very white town—stretched before us for a mile or two along its waterfront, and seemed to be a busy place, for there were many vessels, large and small (principally the latter), moored at the various piers; there were storehouses on the street by the water; there was a crowd of people on the wharf; there were one-horse barouches driven by negroes wearing red vests and dreadfully battered high silk hats, and altogether the scene was lively and promising. The town was larger than I had expected to see it, but it ought to be a good-sized place, for nearly all of the people of the island of New Providence live there, and they number some eleven or twelve thousand.

There is no lack of islands in what might be called the Bahamian Archipelago, which stretches some six hundred miles from San Domingo nearly to Florida. The collection comprises, according to official count, twenty-nine islands, six hundred and sixty-one cays, and two thousand three hundred and eighty-seven rocks—assorted sizes.

New Providence is the most important member of this collection, but, like many other most important things, is by no means the biggest, being only twenty-one miles long and seven broad, while the Great Bahama and others are very many times larger, some of them being a hundred miles long. But New Providence has the brains, the other islands have merely size.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NASSAU.

We found that, like ourselves, nearly all our fellow-passengers were going to the Royal Victoria Hotel. We speedily secured one of the one-horse barouches; the picturesque red-vested driver pulled his silk hat a little tighter on his head, cracked his whip, and away we went. The hotel made quite an impression upon us, even before we entered it. It stands high, spreads wide, and looks large, and cool, and solid. In front of the main doorway, which is level with the ground, is an enclosed and covered court. This court, as we soon found, is the favourite resort of the guests. The sun can get no entrance here, while through the numerous doorways the breezes come from nearly every direction. The interior of the house is also arranged with a view to coolness and shade. There is not a

fireplace or chimney in the whole structure. The cooking is done in a separate building, and in Nassau the people do not need fire for warmth. The building is of limestone—four stories high; each of the three first stories being surrounded by a piazza ten feet wide, forming an uninterrupted promenade of over one thousand feet in extent—affording to those unable to withstand the fatigue of outdoor exercise perfect facilities for enjoying the fine scenery and refreshing breezes. The rooms are large and perfectly ventilated; those houses are wide and low, and generally have piazzas around them on every story. Nearly every house has a garden,—sometimes quite a large one,—surrounded, not by a fence, but by a high stone wall. It is these walls, over which you see the broad leaves of bananas, or the beautiful tops of cocoa-nut trees, with other rich and unfamiliar foliage, which, more than anything else, gives the town its southern, and, to us, entirely foreign appearance. The gardens, and all the spaces about the houses, are crowded with trees, bushes, and

SHIP RAILWAY AND WRECK, NASSAU.

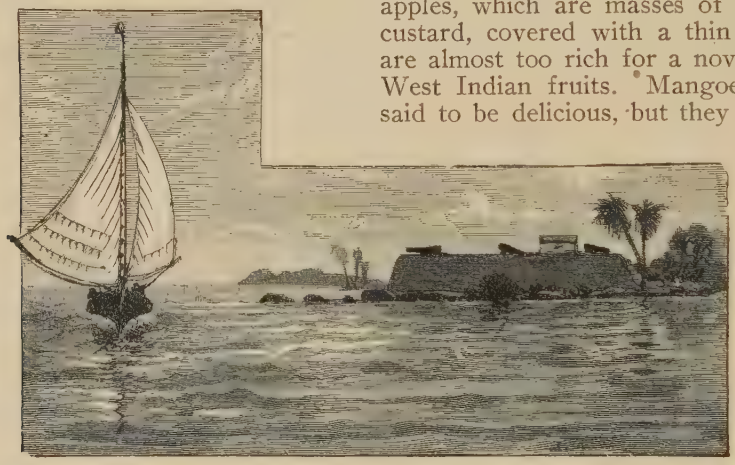
of the first, second and third stories being provided with French casements, opening on the piazza. Sea-bathing is conveniently near the house, and salt water baths, either in the bathing-rooms or private apartments, can be furnished at all times.

The very first thing I did after breakfast was to go and buy a straw hat. It was a novel experience to walk through the streets of Nassau. At first it seemed to us as if the whole place—streets, houses, and walls—had been cut out of one solid block of the whitest limestone, for the material in all appeared to be the same. The flowers. Roses were in bloom everywhere, and oleanders, twenty feet high, waved their pink blossoms over the street.

Looking down the street, the view was lovely. The tall cocoanuts, with their tufts of long, magnificent leaves, waved on each side, until in the distance they seemed to touch across the white street that ran down through the sea of foliage which spread away on either side, broken only by the thatched and pointed roofs that rose here and there like islands out of the green. The red shawls of the distant negro women gave the brilliant points of colour, while the

strong sunlight gave warmth to a scene that was more than semi-tropical. In the streets, in the gardens, on the doorsteps lounged and lay the happy people who had all this for nothing. They are true lotus-eaters, these negroes, but they need not sail away to distant isles to eat and dream.

If coloured people feel lazy in the Bahamas, it is not to be wondered at. Everything feels lazy, even the mercury in the thermometers. It is exceedingly difficult to get it to move. While we were there it was always at, or about, seventy-four degrees, once rising to eighty degrees, but soon subsiding again to the old spot.



MONTAGUE FORT, NASSAU.

The government of the Bahamas appears to be highly satisfactory to all parties concerned. As a colony of Great Britain, the islands have a colonial governor, who is assisted in his governmental duties by His Majesty's executive council and His Majesty's legislative council. The people at large have also a voice in the matter through the representatives they send to the House of Assembly, a body of about thirty members.

We soon bought and tasted of almost every kind of native fruit; some of it was very curious to look at, and some of it was very good to eat. The sappadillo is a small round fruit, the colour of a potato on the outside, and as sweet as sugared honey inside. The grape-fruit has the flavour and taste of an orange, and is a rich and juicy fruit for a hot day, but the skin and pulp must be avoided. Guavas are fragrant and luscious. Jamaica apples, which are masses of sweet custard, covered with a thin skin, are almost too rich for a novice in West Indian fruits. Mangoes are said to be delicious, but they ripen later in the season. The lemons are enormous and very fine, and there are limes, and star-apples, and tamarinds, and other things of the kind which I cannot remember. But the fruits we liked best were those to which we had been accustomed, —oranges, pineapples, and bananas. A pineapple, ripened in its native soil and under its native sun, was a joy before unknown to us.

As soon as possible I engaged a man to take me fishing. I have always delighted in the sport, and here I should certainly have some new experiences. We started after breakfast, myself and the fisherman, in a tight, round, dirty little sloop, with a "well" in it to keep captured fish alive. The boat was

strong and safe, if not very pretty, and away we went over the bar and out to sea. We anchored some distance from land, and my good man lowered his sail and got out his lines and bait. My fisherman's next move astonished me. He coolly remarked that he would look and see if there were any fish in the water about our boat. From under his little deck he drew forth a "water-glass," which is a light wooden box, about twenty inches long and a foot square, open at one end, and with a pane of glass inserted at the other end, which is somewhat the larger. He held this box over the side of the boat, and sinking the glass end a few inches below the surface of the water, he put his eye to the other end and looked in.

"Yes," said he, "there's lots of fish down there. Take a look at them."

I took the box and looked down into the water, which was five or six fathoms deep. I could see everything under the water as plainly as if it had all been in the upper air,—the smooth, white, sandy bottom; the stones lying on it, covered with sea-weed; the star-fish and such sea-creatures lying perfectly still, or gently waving themselves about, and the big fish slowly swimming around and occasionally turning up one eye to look at us. Looking through this "water-glass," it was as light as day down under the sea.

This man had a queer way of classifying fish. "There's one at your hook now, sir," he would say, and when I would ask if it was a big one he would sometimes answer, "Well, about two shillin's," or "That's a big feller; three shillin's, sure," and sometimes, "That's a little one biting at you, about sixpence."

GREAT ISAAC LIGHT, AND HEN AND CHICKENS, BAHAMAS.

We soon became convinced that February is June in Nassau. The weather was that of early summer, and everybody was in light clothes and straw hats. In the sun it is often quite warm; in the shade you can generally rely on seventy-four degrees. We never found it too warm to go about sight-seeing, and there is a good deal to see in and about Nassau, if you choose to go and look at it. Back of the hotel, on a commanding hill, stands Fort Fincastle, a curious old stronghold.

Viewed from the front, it looks much like a side-wheel steamer built of stone. The flag-staff increases the delusion by its resemblance to a foremast. This fort was built long before steamers were heard of, so that the idea that it is a petrified steamer is utterly ridiculous.

FORT FINCASTLE, NASSAU.

The fort is commanded and garrisoned by one man, whose duty it is to signal the approach of vessels. He must have had a lively time during the late war, when so many blockade-runners came to Nassau, and when a steamer might come rushing into the harbour with a gun-boat hot behind it—at any time of day or night.

The military element is quite conspicuous in Nassau. There are large barracks at the west end of the town; a British man-of-war generally lies in the harbour, and in the cool of the evening you may almost always see down the white vista of the narrow street the red coat of a British soldier.

There are not many places of public resort in Nassau; but there

is a library which has eight sides and six thousand books, and where the pleasant young people of Nassau—and there are a great many of them—go to see one another, and to look over the volumes in the cool alcoves.

It is genuine pleasure to take a ride about Nassau. Apart from the fact that there is a good deal to be seen, it is delightful to ride over roads which are so hard, so smooth, and so level that it does not seem to be any trouble whatever for a horse to pull a buggy. If it were any trouble I do not think the Nassau horses would do it.

The principal road on the island runs along the northern shore for fifteen miles or more, and is a beautiful drive, for the most part along the edge of the harbour. This was the road we took on our first ride, and among the curious things we saw on the way was a banyan-tree. There it stood by the roadside, the regular banyan of the geographies, with its big trunk in the middle and all its little trunks coming down from the branches above.

There are a good many trees of distinction in and about Nassau. In the garden of the rector of the cathedral there are two very fine royal African palms, and back of the public buildings is a "silk-cotton tree," which is a wonderful specimen of what nature can do when she tries her hand at curious vegetation. This tree, which is inclosed by a fence to protect it from visitors, is nothing very remarkable, as to its upper works, so to speak, except that it bears a pod which contains a silky cotton, but it is very remarkable indeed when one considers its roots. These stand up out of the ground six or eight feet high, like great wooden walls, radiating from the trunk ten or twenty feet outward, making an arrangement somewhat resembling a small, circular church, with high-backed pews. The branches extend outward for a great distance, making this the most imposing tree on the island, although silk cotton-trees are not at all uncommon. There is a very fine one on the hotel grounds.

SILK-COTTON TREE, NASSAU.

A pineapple plantation was something entirely new to us. The plants were set out all over the field about two or three feet apart. The alternations of bright pink, purple, green, and yellow in the leaves, the blossoms, and the young fruit, made a very striking picture.

We took another long ride—the road running by the beach all the way—to what are called the Caves. The outer portion or vestibule is divided into two portions at right angles with each other, and one of them is not at all unlike a small cathedral, with altar, pillars, a recessed chancel, and long cords like bell-pulls or supports for chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. The latter were slender rootlets, or rather branches seeking to become trunks, which came down from banyan-trees on the ground above, and finding their way through crevices in the roof, took root in the floor of the cave.

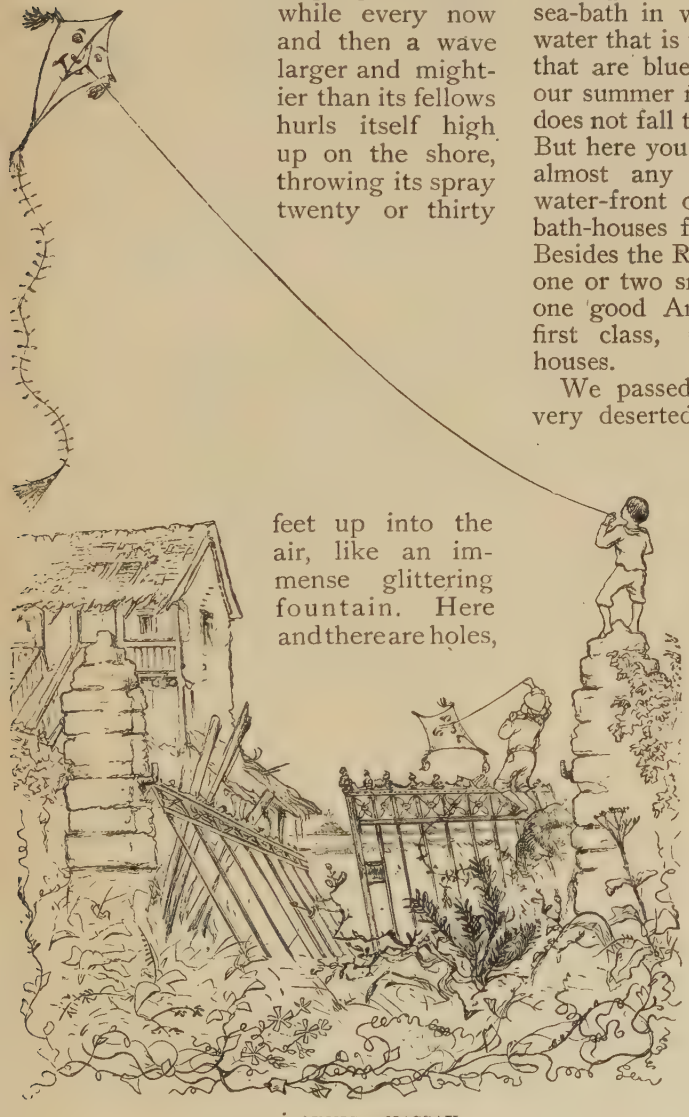
How sweet (while warm airs lull us blowing lowly)
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave, through the thick-twinèd vine,—
To watch the emerald-coloured water falling
Through many a woven acanthus wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine;

PINEAPPLE.

Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine.

Hog Island beach is one of the best places that I know about Nassau. It is a short row across to the island, which is so narrow that a minute's walk takes one to the other side. Here the shore is high and rocky, rising, in most places, twenty feet above the water-level. The rocks are what are called "honeycomb rocks," and are worn

and cut by the action of the waves into all sorts of twisted, curled, pointed, scooped-out, jagged forms. The surf comes rolling in on the rocks, and dashes, and surges, and leaps against them, while every now and then a wave larger and mightier than its fellows hurls itself high up on the shore, throwing its spray twenty or thirty feet up into the air, like an immense glittering fountain. Here and there are holes, three or four feet wide, down which you can look into the submarine caverns, and see the water boiling and surging and hissing, while occasionally a great wave rushing in below sends a water-spout through one of these holes high into the air.



KITE FLYING, NASSAU.

Toward the eastern part of this island there are several little coves with a smooth beach, of the very whitest sand that a beach can have. Here the surf is not high, and the bathing is excellent. A comfortable sea-bath in winter-time—a bath in water that is warm, and under skies that are blue with the blueness of our summer mornings, is a joy that does not fall to the lot of every man. But here you may bathe in the surf almost any day, and along the water-front of the city there are bath-houses for still-water bathing. Besides the Royal Victoria there are one or two small hotels in Nassau, one good American house of the first class, and some boarding-houses.

We passed one house, looking very deserted and desolate, which our driver told us had formerly been a favourite place of resort for tea-parties, but which has now fallen into disuse, and consequent decay. On one of the obelisk-like old gate-posts stood a small urchin flying a kite; and on the very tumble-to-pieces iron railings beside him was a still smaller urchin, trying to imitate his example; the two forming highly statuesque objects. Everybody, old and young, large and small, seemed to fly kites in these islands. We passed several country houses uninhabited, and evidently hurricane-swept; and then came to a lake full of beautiful water lilies, but surrounded by such a morass that it was impossible to reach the flowers.

The reputation of Nassau as a health-resort is increasing every

year. There are many reasons for this. Not only is its climate in winter warm and equable, but its air is moderately dry, its drainage excellent, and its drinking-water plentiful and wholesome. The island, according to excellent medical authority, is entirely free from malarious diseases, and it is, moreover, very easy of access. Its peculiar attractions draw to it, from our shores, a great many invalids and persons of delicate constitution who find it difficult to keep alive during our severe and deceptive winter weather, but who, under the blue skies of the Bahamas, are happy as kings, and are out-of-doors all day.

At times there is a good deal of moisture in the air, especially at sunset, when a heavy fall of dew may be expected for an hour or two. But as there is very little change of temperature night or day, even persons with rheumatism and neuralgia may find relief in this steady-going climate. The doctor from whom I had most of my information on these points, thought that, while he would hardly recommend patients having those forms of lung trouble in which there is much expectoration and perspiration to visit the Bahamas, he considered that in the early stages of chronic pneumonia and tuberculosis, in convalescence from acute diseases, in malarial affections, and in exhaustion from overwork and worry, Nassau was one of the most healthful resorts of which he had any knowledge. Invalids have been brought ashore on a stretcher who were walking about the streets in a week afterwards.

When we speak of this part of the world we generally say Nassau, because it is, so to speak, the centre of the whole Bahamian system. But there are many attractions on the twenty-eight other islands, on which are some fifty small towns and settlements, and about thirty thousand inhabitants.

KILLARNEY LAKE, NASSAU.

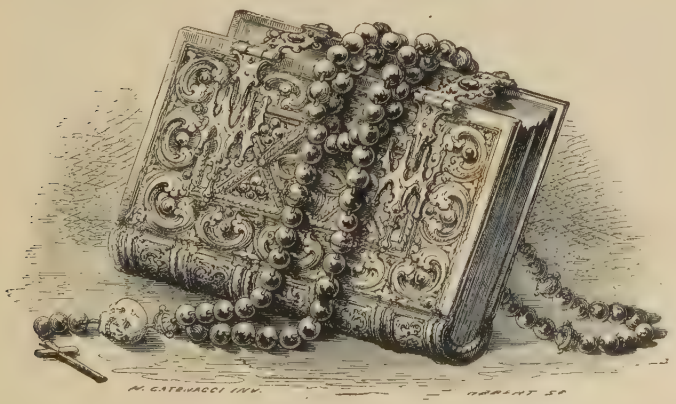
Harbour Island, on the northern edge of the group, boasts the most pretentious provincial settlement. Dunmore Town has two thousand inhabitants, and attractions of its own, some of which its citizens believe to be quite equal to anything of the kind in the Bahamas. The "Glass Windows," a high arch or natural bridge, eighty or ninety feet above the level of the sea, is one of the lions of Harbour Island.

PRAYER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

O Domine Deus, speravi in te
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me,
In dura catena
In misera poena
Desidero te.
Laguendo,
Gemendo,
Genuflectendo
Adoro,
Imploro,
Ut liberes me.

O Lord God of hosts, I trusted in Thee,
O Jesus, Beloved! Now liberate me:
In fetters so galling
In tortures appalling
I long after Thee.
In moaning,
In groaning,
On bent knee atoning,
I adore Thee,
Implore Thee,
To liberate me.

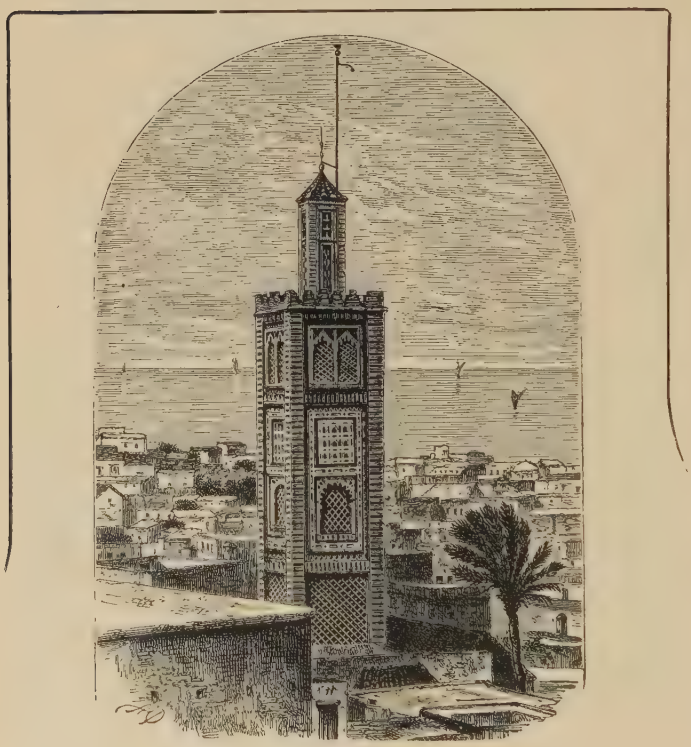


QUEEN MARY'S PRAYER-BOOK AND ROSARY.

MOROCCO AND ITS PROBLEMS.

BY GEORGE C. REED,

Missionary of the Gospel Missionary Union, Morocco.



TANGIER, CHIEF PORT OF MOROCCO.

ASIDE from their political interest, the present disturbances in Morocco should interest every friend of liberty and enlightenment, and especially every friend of the kingdom of God, for they are due to the efforts of a young and and progressive ruler to introduce some degree of enlightenment among a people who are living and thinking as their fathers did a thousand years ago.

Before the late Mulai El Hassan died in 1894 he nominated as his successor his favourite son, Mulai 'Abd el-'Aziz, then only sixteen years of age. He was the son of the Sultan's favourite wife, a beautiful Circassian woman of considerable intelligence and education, and upon the training of this youth his father had devoted much personal attention. But his escape from the vicious life and the bigotry of his brothers, and of Moorish youth in general, must be attributed largely to the influence of his mother, for she continued to influence him most beneficially up to the time of her death in 1902.

For five years after his accession the government was in the hands of the vizier-regent, who

ruled with a strong hand. Upon the death of the latter, about two years and a half ago, the whole responsibility of the government fell upon the shoulders of this inexperienced youth, and no easy task lay before him. On the one hand, one-half of his eight millions of people had been entirely unsubdued for generations, and were in a state of anarchy, their disorders continually bringing the Moorish government into serious difficulties with European governments; the other half were kept in subjection only by fear, and all were deeply prejudiced against any change or progress. On the other hand were several of "the powers," each with a big budget of unsettled claims against the Moorish government, and clamouring as well for permission to introduce into Morocco the blessings of civilization.

But in addition to this normal state of things, the black cloud of the Algerian boundary question was threatening a severe political storm, if not a devastating cyclone. The boundary between Morocco and Algeria had been indefinite for years, and while it has been creeping westward, each readjustment left it still conveniently indefinite. But at this time the French made a bold stride and seized the oasis of Tuat. In 1845 they had recognized Moorish suzerainty over what they then thought a worthless and remote waste in the Sahara, but through

GATE OF CEUTA, SPANISH PORT, OPPOSITE GIBRALTAR

MOORISH BAZAAR.

which they now saw lay the most feasible route for their railway from Algeria to Senegal. The fanatical Sahara tribes were much incensed, but the Sultan, with considerable difficulty, restrained them from attacking the French, a thing which he knew would be very disastrous for him. At the same time he made a protest to France and an appeal to the powers, both equally ineffectual.

About this time the Sultan sent one of his viziers to England, ostensibly to congratulate King Edward on his accession to the throne, but no doubt in reality to seek British advice and aid. Morocco's future is a matter to which England, of all nations, cannot be indifferent, affecting, as it does, so vitally the value of Gibraltar and the control of the Mediterranean. So the embassy was well received, and it is generally conceded that the Sultan was assured that Great Britain desired to see the independence and territorial integrity of his empire maintained. But he was given to understand that such a corrupt and oppressive government and such bigoted exclusion of civilized customs and ideas were intolerable.

In the meantime the Sultan had himself been acquiring a taste for things foreign, and a missionary of the South Morocco Mission had been his almost daily companion for months. He immediately undertook the role of a reformer, and began making some commendable

changes, notably a marked improvement in the pay, equipment, and training of his army, and the establishment of a fixed and just system of taxation in place of the outrageous custom of farming out tax-collecting and the administration of justice to the highest bidder. Engineers were employed with a view to establishing roads in this empire of mule paths; electric lights were purchased for the palace; and by the time he reached Fez in January, 1902, he had gathered about him quite a retinue of foreigners, chiefly Englishmen. A number of these he received daily in a most intimate and democratic fashion, entering eagerly with them into the diversions of photography, cycling, tennis, and billiards, while an automobile afforded him great delight. About this time, too, the equipment for a model railway of considerable size was given him, and at great expense he had it brought from the coast to Fez, where it is now in process of construction. Other improvements of various kinds were introduced, and great changes seemed near.

But while the Moors in general looked upon these innovations with ill-concealed disfavour, the wild Berber tribes near Mequinez manifested their displeasure in a much more vigorous manner. For generations they had entirely refused to pay taxes, and they did not relish any efforts to force upon them this new and foreign scheme, which, said they, "is not in our religion." The railroad, too, was equally offensive and much more greatly feared. During a survey, really for a highway, but supposed to be for a railway, the red and white signal flags of the engineers were taken for flags of the *Nsara* (foreigners), put up with a view to claiming suzerainty. Disorder broke out immediately, markets were pillaged, travellers plundered, raids and counter-raids took place, and villages were burned. But the union of the neighbouring tribes could not be effected, nor could they carry out their desire of proclaiming as Sul-

BARGAINING IN A BAZAAR, TANGIER.

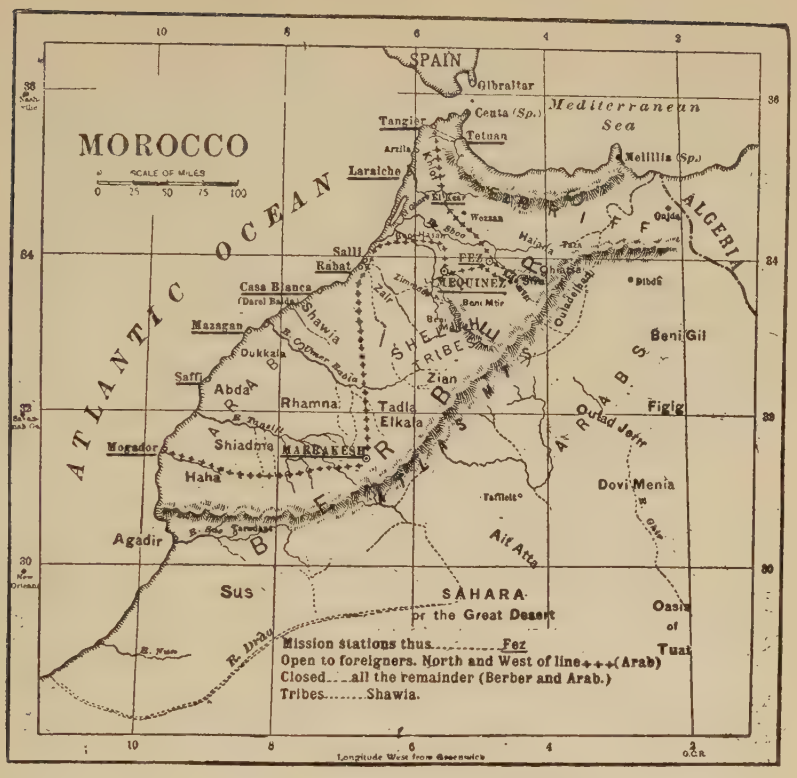
TYPICAL MOORISH WATER-SELLER.

tan Mulai Mohammed, the fanatical and anti-foreign brother of the Sultan, who was in semi-confinement in Mequinez. Indeed it is doubtful if he cared to head their revolt. Hence the outbreak came to be nothing more than a general state of anarchy prevailing in that locality.

But while the Sultan with a large force was proceeding against these tribes, the powerful mountain tribes east of Fez were uniting in support of a relative of his, who had appeared among them as a pretender, exhorting them to prepare for holy war. The small force sent by the Sultan to that section suffered a serious defeat and caused them to return in haste from Mequinez. He is at present equipping a very large force, with a view to proceeding against the pretender. It is a barren and mountainous country, and without adequate transportation facilities, so that it will be most difficult to carry on an effective campaign against a foe who can easily retire into the fastnesses of the Atlas Mountains.

A sad event that occurred in connection with these disturbances was the murder on October 17th, 1902, of Mr. D. J. Cooper, North Africa Mission. A fanatical *shareef*, doubtless inflamed by the general dissatisfaction, came to Fez with the express purpose of killing the first foreigner he met, and coming upon Mr. Cooper in one of the principal streets, shot him down, and fled at once for refuge to the sacred shrine of Mulai Idrees. The Sultan ordered the man taken out of the sanctuary, and as soon as the fatal outcome of the attack was known, the murderer was shot. The significance of such an unprecedented action on the part of the Sultan cannot be appreciated by one who does not understand the inviolability of such a place of refuge among Moslems, and how

A MOORISH TYPE.



—From The Missionary Review.

great is their regard for *shareefs,* the lineal descendants of Mohammed.

Now, a glance briefly at the actual conditions. The insurrection so far is confined to four or five large tribes in the mountains, who for generations have not been obedient to the Moorish government. The other tribes of mountain Berbers have as yet taken no part against the government. The tribes of the plains are still loyal, but it must be remembered that the Sultan holds them only by force. The only patriotism the people of Morocco know is religious fervour, and their only loyalty is to Islam. The Sultan's proposed reforms, his personal liking for the hated *Nsara,* or foreigners, and his desire to introduce their bewitched inventions, are so contrary to the spirit of Islam that they tend to disaffect even the tribes that are now loyal. So with little sympathy, even from his viziers, the Sultan stands almost alone in his desire to improve his country.

What will the future be? Who is bold enough to prophesy? Ultimately it will most probably be foreign control; but whose? Will the Sultan be able to carry out his reforms, and thus postpone the inevitable, or will his youth, his lack of sympathetic and trustworthy officials, and of able and unselfish advisers, and perhaps a lack of ability, make it impossible for him to wisely and successfully meet the strong opposition which he will face? In that case disorders and disaffection must inevitably increase until he is obliged to seek a foreign protectorate, or until some power

A VEGETABLE STALL.

steps in to put a stop to an intolerable condition. No one knows the outcome, but we cannot doubt God is mindful of the great Berber tribes in their mountain fastnesses, and means to break down the more impenetrable barriers of fanatical fierceness and lawlessness. Will His servants be ready to enter when the time comes? *

An article in The Missionary Record thus summarizes the condition and prospects in Darkest Morocco:

The area of Morocco is about 220,000 square miles. Its population is variously estimated at from four to eight millions, the latter figure being probably more nearly correct.

Its manufacturing industries are primitive and of little commercial importance. In weaving, pottery, leather-working, brass-working, and building there is considerable skill. Moorish decorations are justly famous the world over.

With the exception of a few thousand Europeans on the coast, Morocco is inhabited by four classes of people—viz., Arabs, Berbers, Negroes and Jews. The Bedouin Arabs of Morocco are lithe and swarthy, with regular features and dark hair and eyes. The city Moors are lighter in colour and more cleanly in appearance and habits than are the Bedouins. They somewhat despise their ruder but more vigorous brothers of the plain.

The mountainous interior is inhabited by the Berbers, a people whose origin is uncertain. They are lighter and more wiry than the Arabs, are fierce and turbulent, and the Sultan has practically no control over them.

The tribes of Central Morocco are the most lawless, having, as they say, no government but powder, and are continually fighting among themselves.

The negroes are Sudanese or their descendants; they were originally brought as slaves, and are as stanch Mohammedans as any. There is no colour-line in Morocco, and the democracy of Islam puts slave and master nearer on a level, and prevents some of the horrors of the slave trade.

The number of Jews in Morocco is given at 300,000. The oppression they once suffered is now lessened by foreign influence and protection, but, as a class, they are hated and treated with great contempt. They are the life of trade, however, and it is a significant fact that on Saturdays there are practically no country markets, and the towns are very dull. They are "orthodox" in the strictest sense, and persecution has kept bright the hope of the coming of their Messiah and their restoration to Palestine.

The attitude of the Moors to the Gospel is doubtless the same as that of other Mohammedans. They

* Mr. Reed wrote from Fez, under date of December 17th, 1902. Subsequently the Pretender advanced on Fez with a formidable force and defeated the Sultan's army, claiming an intention of putting the Sultan's brother on the throne. The Sultan quickly became reconciled to his brother, and the Pretender lost many of his followers. He retreated, and thus left the Sultan master of the situation. The Pretender has since been defeated and captured, the revolt being entirely suppressed.

consider that all truth is contained in the Koran, and that they alone know God. They look upon missionaries, as well as other *Nsara* (Christians), as infidels, and when we speak of God, heaven, hell, judgment, etc., they often express considerable surprise that we know anything about such things. They place Jesus among the first of the prophets, but the vital truths of His Sonship and Deity, His death, and the atonement, they strenuously deny.

Modern Protestant missionary work was begun among the Moors in 1883 by the British and Foreign Bible Society. There are two well-equipped hospitals for men and one for women. In one of these alone some two hundred "in-patients" are received annually. Dispensing to "out-patients" is freely carried on at most of the stations. There are educational classes for girls and boys at several places. At two stations the Gospel is preached nightly in rooms where transient Moors are given free lodging, and on many nights as many as forty persons, some of whom are from remote tribes and inaccessible districts, hear the Word. No other public meetings are held, but much hand-to-hand work may be done with caution in the streets and markets. Now and then the preacher's heart is gladdened by groups that listen quietly, but most of his work is rather stormy. Lady missionaries have gained access to Moorish homes quite freely in some places, largely by means of medical work. Itinerating among the Bedouins affords access to many people, and has been carried on to some extent.

The great mountainous interior seems absolutely closed to missionaries. The lives and labours of the missionaries have doubtless overcome much prejudice wherever they have come in contact with the people. There have been a few professed converts, some of whom soon revealed their mercenary motives. Others have endured some suffering for the Gospel, but to make a bold and open confession of Christ is to risk bitter persecution and death.

A SWEETMEAT STALL.

In addition to work for the Mohammedans, some work for the Jews is attempted, and two lady workers of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews are located at Tangier. The Lord has blessed efforts on behalf of the Spaniards at Tangier and Tetuan, and there has been more encouragement in the way of conversions in this work than in any other.

There are now in Morocco ninety-eight missionaries, including twenty-one married and twenty-eight single ladies, and seventeen native helpers. These are located in eighteen different stations. The violence of the fanatical natives towards the missionaries has compelled their retirement towards the coast. They were assailed with sticks and stones, spat upon, and cursed as Christian "dogs of infidels." Even the wives of the missionaries were not secure from molestation and insult.

SONGS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART

(PASTOR FELIX).

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimmed, for ever crost—
O who shall say what heroes feel
When all but life and honour's lost!
—*Moore's Irish Melodies.*

SONG has in it the essential grace and sweetness of life: it is that brightness of the soul, that light of other worlds, that mild lustre of the unconquerable spirit, wherewith we gild our lot. The scenes and circumstances of our being here are ever shifting, and we ourselves are passing: Song changes and passes not. It has a steadfastness born of the Eternal. It is wonderful, like the art of photography, which gathers up and fixes the evanescent and fading,—the foam in a ship's wake, the lifted crest of a wave, the zig-zag seam of leven-fire rifting an evening cloud,—leaving a print that outlasts the generations. Such is the power of Song to arrest the fleeting passions of an age, to send down to other ages the emotion that was born in transience, and to warm the heart of youth with perished fire that long ago died out of the hearts of their fathers. Song prorogues the general doom of things. Its cymbals are heard on the mountain tops, ringing joy and triumph. Down in the valley of humiliation and defeat its chime of silver instruments, its vocal enchantments, its fervours and lustres, rise most sweetly. About old graves, even, it breathes a voiceless harmony. Song makes great deeds perpetual; under its enchantment

"They like the sun and moon renew their light"

in the love and lore of mankind. It celebrates the dread and dark event, covering woe and sorrow with its luminous veil. It touches the ghastly forbiddingness of ensanguined fields,—often

"The plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

It haunts like a spirit the battle-grounds of earth; the rustle of its garments, the falling of its tears, or the light of its smile—which is glory's fairest bow—may be found over every foughten field, from Ajalon and Gilboa, and Marathon and Platæa, to Shiloh and Malvern Hill. And so the warrior and victor walk in a lustre not all their own;—something of their dignity and splendour is due to Song; and, if there be any of the mighty ones of earth whose memory has perished, it is because Song's angel failed to meet them in the way:

"They had no Poet, and are dead."

The great Civil War of the

United (but then disunited) States of America, is within the memory of living men; yet to all but such as participated therein—and even to them in some measure—it seems a thing of anciency. Such power has Time to turn our wounds to scars, and our deeds and pangs to memories. Rarely in the history of mankind has strife been so fiercely waged through so many years, and over so vast a territory, and with the desolation of so much country, the destruction of so much property, the decimation of such armies, and the immolation of so many brave men. What stern determination, what gigantic passions, what irresistible energies, found expression in those hardly-contested fields—of Gettysburg, of Chancellorsville, of Antietam! Yet now it all seems like a dreadful dream. We see vague hosts moving over wide spaces; creeping through interminable wildernesses; fording rivers; climbing embattled heights, till the clouds are under them; marching, marching, "from Atlanta to the sea"; sleeping, encamping, watching, on picket, under the stars.

Here, indeed, is material for an epic, and for innumerable songs yet unwritten. But songs there are, —songs of the Northern armies, sung in their marches and encampments; and songs of the South, not deficient in pathos and melody, in martial energy and patriotic fire. Yet there are distinctive notes marking these battle lyrics of the North and the South, and they are keyed differently. The moral cry of the Puritan is in the one—the cry that rang out over Dunbar and Naseby; and the noblest and most pathetic appeal of the Cavalier is in the other—the voice of a Lovelace or a Montrose—the moan that came in melody from Flodden, when the "Flowers of the forest were a' wede awa'."

We can trace the rise and progress of the strife, in the songs of the South, from the days before Sumter, till the smart of Appomattox began to be embalmed, and many graves sheltered by the magnolia had begun to grow green. First came the bugle-songs out of the hush, when the South was resolved and prepared, summoning the hosts, reassuring the faint-hearted, beating up the laggards. Songs of Timrod, the Tyrtæus of the South, mark this period. Then was heard the ringing ballad of James R. Randall, "Maryland, My Maryland!" which rang North and South:

GENERAL LEE.

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

. . . . .

"Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

"Come, 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come, with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

. . . . .

"I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But, lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek;
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!"

It is to be regretted that such nobly-spirited lyrics as Randall and Timrod wrote should have been deformed with such epithets as "Huns," "Vandals," "Northern scum," and the like. But the phrases are historical as marking the bitterness of the time, and especially the bitterness of the South, about to be involved in all the misery of war;—that South which had not then learned to respect a determined, yet a generous, foe.

Then the pibroch was sounded again, and another fiery cross was sent forth in song, over every hill-top of the South:

A CRY TO ARMS.*

Ho! woodsmen of the mountain side!
Ho! dwellers in the vales!
Ho! ye who by the chafing tide
Have roughened in the gales!
Leave barn and byre, leave kin and cot,
Lay by the bloodless spade;
Let desk, and case, and counter rot,
And burn your books of trade.

The despot roves your fairest lands;
And till he flies or fears,
Your fields must grow but armèd bands,
Your sheaves be sheaves of spears!
Give up to mildew and to rust
The useless tools of gain;
And feed your country's sacred dust
With floods of crimson rain!

Come with the weapons at your call—
With musket, pike, or knife;
He wields the deadliest blade of all
Who lightest holds his life.
The arm that drives its unbought blows
With all a patriot's scorn,
Might brain a tyrant with a rose,
Or stab him with a thorn.

Does any falter? let him turn
To some brave maiden's eyes,
And catch the holy fires that burn
In those sublunar skies.
Oh! could you like your women feel,
And in their spirit march,
A day might see your lines of steel
Beneath the victor's arch.

What hope, O God! would not grow warm
When thoughts like these give cheer?
The Lily calmly braves the storm,
And shall the Palm-tree fear?
No! rather let its branches court
The rack that sweeps the plain;
And from the Lily's regal port
Learn how to breast the strain!

Ho! woodsmen of the mountain side!
Ho! dwellers of the vales!
Ho! ye who by the roaring tide
Have roughened in the gales!
Come! flocking gaily to the fight,
From forest, hill, and lake;
We battle for our Country's right,
And for the Lily's sake!

But when these words were written the war was already begun: "Where down the dunes a thousand guns lie couched," the fires that summon to arms had broken forth upon Sumter; and Northern armies were banding and hurrying to the affray. The long deluge of blood had commenced to roll,—a flow which should never be staunched till the slaves were free, till Secession was no more, till the arms of the South were grounded at Richmond, till the flag of the Lone Star was reverently folded and laid away with many tears; while the banner that the heavens gave, that Washington uplifted, and that floated over Jefferson and Franklin, and that Webster appealed to in his memorable apostrophe, was lifted high above any hand to rend it,—high over smutch of treason or battle-stain. Then it was that Father Ryan* sang his tender strain:

* Henry Timrod.

* Rev. Abram Joseph Ryan, the poet-priest, and sweet singer of the South, was born at Norfolk, Va., Aug. 15th, 1839; and died at Louisville, Ky., April 22nd, 1886. It was shortly after Lee's surrender, and while a chaplain in the Confederate army, that he wrote the above lyric.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

Furl the banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary:
Furl it, fold it, it is best.
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood that heroes gave it;
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take the banner down, 'tis tattered,
Broken is its staff, and shattered,
And the valiant ones are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it,
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl it sadly;
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly.
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
Swore it should for ever wave,
Swore that foemen's swords should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float for ever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low.
And that banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For though conquered they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it.
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And oh, wildly they deplore it!
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner; true, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory
And 'twill live in song and story,
Tho' its folds are in the dust.
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down to ages,
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that banner, softly, slowly;
Treat it gently, it is holy;
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled for ever,
For its people's hopes are dead.

One thing strongly marked in these songs is the reverence and affection in which their two principal military leaders were held. This may be read in such writings as "Stonewall Jackson's Grave," by Mrs. M. J. Preston, which begins:

"A simple sodded mound of earth,
With not a line above it,
With only daily votive flowers
To prove that any love it;
The token flag that silently
Each breeze's visit numbers,
Alone keeps martial ward above
The hero's dreamless slumbers.

"No name? no record? Ask the world—
The world has heard his story—
If all the annals can unfold
A prouder tale of glory!
If ever merely human life
Hath taught diviner moral;
If ever round a worthier brow
Was twined a purer laurel?"

Or John Esten Cooke's "Song of the Rebel":

"Oh! not a heart in all our host
But feels a noble thrill,
To see the bristling bayonets
Of Jackson on the hill;
To know that he has scaled the Ridge
And downward, onward pour
His legions to the field, from which
The foe shall rise no more!

"Make way for the 'Stormy Petrel,'
Look how he rides the wind,
Down from the azure mountain—
The calm days left behind;
He comes on golden pinions
Toward the glittering East,
And the eagle-brood are gathered
To hold their bloody feast!

"Hark! how the long, loud cheering
Rings through the swaying pines,
And a thousand eyes are glowing
Along the serried lines!
They know the great calm leader,
In his old gray uniform—
And the brave hearts rush to meet him
As they rush in the battle storm!

. . . . .

"In all the days of future years
His name and fame shall shine—
The stubborn iron captain
Of our old Virginia Line!
And men shall tell their children,
Tho' other memories fade,
That they fought with STONEWALL JACKSON
In the old 'Stonewall Brigade.'

"He comes!—his battle-flag aloft—
His old brown coat more brown
Than when the feeble arm of Banks
Essayed to strike him down;
He comes with calm and simple air,
With kindly smile and eye—
The man for whom ten thousand braves
Would lay them down and die!"

Jackson is the Cromwell of Re-

bellion, leading his Ironsides to battle:

"Come, stack arms, men, pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright!"

Jackson comes in sight:

"We see him now—the old slouch'd hat,
Cock'd o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true;
The 'Blue Light Elder' knows him well—
Says he, 'That's Banks—he's fond of shell,
Lord save his soul!—we'll give him—well
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.'

"Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old 'Blue Light's' going to pray,—
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention, 'tis his way!
Appealing from his native sod,
In *forma pauperis* to God—!
'Lay bare Thine arm, stretch forth Thy rod,'
'Amen!' 'That's Stonewall's way.'

"He's in the saddle now! Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
'Quick step! we're with him before dawn!'
'That's Stonewall Jackson's way.'" *

A woman of the South wrote, after the battle of Manassas:

"Oh! with such glorious leaders,
In cabinet and field,
The gallant Southern chivalry
Will die, but never yield!"

The story is told that, on one occasion, while the war was raging hottest in Virginia, a marching host came upon General Lee, overwearied with long anxiety and toil, asleep by the wayside. The sign of caution was given, whereupon fifteen thousand men, with reverent demeanour, and hushed voices and footsteps, passed so quietly by as not to disturb his slumbers.

"One form alone remains behind,
And, lo! the figure comes,
Not with the tinsel Yankee pomp,
Or din of rolling drums—
Wrapped in his old gray riding-cape—
A grizzled chevalier,
See Lee, our spotless Southern Knight,
'Without reproach or fear!'

. . . . . .

"The chieftain of our chieftains,
Virginia claims her son—
But for the whole great Southern race
His deeds have glory won.
For the blood of 'LIGHT HORSE HARRY'
Burns in his larger soul,
As true to the call of honour
As the needle to the pole!" *

We remember Whittier's picturesque account of Lee's descent upon Maryland, in the ballad of "Barbara Fretchie," and the entrance of Stonewall Jackson into Frederick City:

"Up the street came the Rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
"Under his slouched hat left and right,
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.
"'Halt!'—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
'Fire!'—out blazed the rifle-blast.
"It shivered the window-pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
"Quick as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf:
"She leaned far out at the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your Country's Flag,' she said."

This reminds me of a bit of personal reminiscence, and of that soft, hazy September day, one year ago, when my wife and I drove up to "The Burnside," that haunt of select spirits, to meet a gentleman of the Sunny South. I learned that he was out, with his wife and daughter, strolling in the woods, or along the rocky coast of Pemaquid Point, but we waited his return. Presently they came, and accorded us a most effusively cordial welcome. Brother Thomas—for he is a Methodist local preacher, and a resident of Baltimore—appeared, a thick-set man, of about seventy years, in black dress suit, with full, florid face, and white hair and beard, with most ingratiating manner of approach and address. He presented us to his wife and daughter, who, together with himself, urged us to remain and partake of

* John Williamson Palmer.

* John Esten Cooke.

their hospitality, which we accordingly did.

In the course of our conversation about ante-bellum days and the war-time, Mrs. Thomas mentioned Whittier's ballad of Barbara Fretchie, and said that she was brought up in Frederick City, and was conversant with the entry of Jackson and his men. Mrs. Thomas said that Dame Fretchie was a very real personage, but denied the patriotic and somewhat dramatic action ascribed to her. She named the street on which the dame lived, and described the house; but she affirmed that Jackson did not pass by her house at all, and that, to the best of her knowledge, no such incident had ever occurred there. It seems a pity that such hitherto accredited stories should be resolved into legend, so graced with poetry and with patriotism as they are. She described Dame Fretchie as somewhat recluse in her habit and severe in her demeanour, and of a somewhat eerie character—at least in the estimation of the young, who usually avoided her; and that she, as a girl, when travelling schoolward, would rather go a round-about way than pass through her street and by her door.

Perhaps the most notable poem on the Commanders of the South is Father Ryan's, entitled:

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE.

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard, where full long,
It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the Right, avenging the Wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard high in air
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
To follow and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver hand,
Nor braver bled for brighter land,
Nor brighter land had cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
That sword might victor be;
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

Before the days of too deep sorrow, Albert Pike set forth, in a jigging, patriotic ballad the hope and pride of the South. It is a bit of cheerfulness in the midst of a prevailingly bodeful, lamenting strain, and still thrills the Southerner's heart:

"Southrons, hear your Country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon-fires are lighted,—
Let all hearts be now united!
To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!
Advance the Flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To Arms! To Arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

"Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in South winds flutter!
Send them back your fierce defiance!
Stamp upon their cursed alliance!

"Fear no danger! Shun no labour!
Lift up rifle, pike, and sabre!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!

"How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannon's ringing voices!
For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken.

"Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
To their kennels hunt those beagles!
Cut unequal bonds asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder!

"Swear upon your Country's altar
Never to submit or falter,

Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed."

"Music In Camp," by John Randolph Thompson; "The Maryland Battalion," by John Williamson Palmer; "Sentinel Songs," by Abram J. Ryan; "Stonewall Jackson," by Henry Lyndon Flash; "The General's Death," by Joseph O'Connor; beside a number of lyrics by Father Ryan, are all characteristic war poems of the South, which we would be glad to quote would space permit. We must, however, make way for Paul Hamilton Hayne's

VICKSBURG.

For sixty days and upwards
A storm of shell and shot
Rained round us in a flaming shower,
But still we faltered not.
"If the noble city perish,"
Our grand young leader said,
"Let the only walls the foe shall scale
Be ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days and upwards
The eye of heaven waxed dim;
And even throughout God's holy morn,
O'er Christian prayer and hymn,
Arose a hissing tumult,
As if the fiends in air
Strove to engulf the voice of faith
In shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
There was trembling in the marts,
While the tempest raged and thundered,
'Mid the silent thrill of hearts;
But the Lord, our Shield, was with us,
And ere a month had sped,
Our very women walked the streets
With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gambolled,
Their faces purely raised,
Just for a wandering moment,
As the huge bombs whirled and blazed;
Then turned with silvery laughter
To the sports the children love,
Thrice-mailed in the sweet, instinctive thought
That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster,
From scores of flame-clad ships,
And about us, denser, darker,
Grew the conflict's wild eclipse,
Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
Like a type of doom and ire,
Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues
Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hands of angels
Those death-shafts warned aside,
And the dove of heavenly mercy
Ruled o'er the battle tide;
In the houses ceased the wailing,
And through the war-scarred marts
The people strode, with steps of hope,
To the music of their hearts.

But when many fields had been made red, and graves were increasing in numbers, and the nameless dead were a multitude; when homes had been broken, and Rachel on every hand was weeping for her children, and still the holocaust went forward; then Poesy uttered her sighs, and her eyes were tearful. Timrod, when the rain is plashing on sill and pane, stands musing of the nation's fearful losses. He bemoans Carolina's dead and dying sons:

"Ah! not the chiefs, who, dying, see
Their flags in front of Victory,
Or, at their life-blood's noble cost,
Pay for a battle nobly lost,
Claim from their monumental beds
The bitterest tears a nation sheds.
Beneath yon lonely mound—the spot
By all save some fond few forgot—
Lie the true martyrs of the fight
Which strikes for freedom and for right.
Of them, their patriot zeal and pride,
The lofty faith that with them died,
No grateful page shall farther tell
Than that so many bravely fell;
And we can only dimly guess
What worlds of all this world's distress,
What utter woe, despair, and dearth
Their fate has brought to many a hearth.
Just such a sky as this should weep
Above them, always, where they sleep;
Yet, haply, at this very hour,
Their graves are like a lover's bower;
And Nature's self, with eyes unwet,
Oblivious of the crimson debt
To which she owes her April grace,
Laughs gaily o'er their burial-place."

Father Ryan takes up the lament, in his "March of the Deathless Dead":

"Gather the sacred dust
Of the warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of a Nation's trust,
And fell in a cause, tho' lost still just,
And died for me and you.

"Gather them one and all,
From the private to the chief,
Come they from hovel or princely hall,

They fell for us, and for them should fall
The tears of a Nation's grief.

"Gather the corpses strown
On many a battle plain;
From many a grave that lies so lone,
Without a name, without a stone,
Gather the Southern slain.

"We care not whence they came,
Dear is their lifeless clay!
Whether unknown or known to fame,
Their cause and country still the same;
They died—and wore the Gray."

Thank God! the scourge and retribution of war are over. May the ceasing be for long! The scars are healed on the battlefields of the Republic, and in the hearts, we trust, of her now-united children. And when "taps" are sounded and the few surviving veterans of the war march in memorial procession to the "field of the grounded arms," and when they come to the graves that bear the wreaths of spring-time blossoms and the little flags—mounds made sweet with blossomy remembrance, that there the bee may banquet, and the young lamb feed;—then let us give thanks for a still surviving and united country; and let us sing a lament, like that of John Esten Cooke, or a ballad of reconciliation, like that of Francis Miles Finch, the companion pieces with which this study is concluded:

The Band in the Pines.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

[After Pelham Died.]

Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease!
Cease with your splendid call;
The living are brave and noble,
But the dead are bravest of all.

They throng to the martial summons,
To the loud triumphant strain,
And the dear, bright eyes of long-dead friends
Come to the heart again.

They come with ringing bugle,
And the deep drum's mellow roar;
Till the soul is faint with longing
For the hands we clasp no more!

Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease!
Or the heart will melt with tears,
For the gallant eyes and the smiling lips,
And the voices of old years.

The Blue and the Gray.

BY FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

[The women of Columbus, Miss., strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and the National soldiers.]

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment-day—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment-day—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment-day—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendour,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender
On the blossoms blooming for all—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment-day—
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment-day—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment-day—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger for ever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment-day—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

ROMANCE AND REALITY OF NORTH-WEST MISSIONS.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES W. GORDON

("Ralph Connor").

HEN I was graduated from college, I made up my mind to go to China, and a congregation in Toronto chose me as their missionary. But after the examinations were all over, I found I had to lie off and rest for a year. Then my opportunity to go to China for that congregation was gone. When I was able to work again I received a letter from our superintendent of missions, Dr. Robertson, asking me to go west. At first I thought it really hardly worth while for a man of my ability and education to throw myself away upon home missions, and especially in the west. If it had been going to a great field like China or India, or taking a big congregation in Toronto, that would have been more up to what I thought I was fitted for. But to go west and throw myself away was not to my liking; nevertheless I went.

It is wonderful how things change when you come near. I remember my first look at the mountains. They seemed very small, but every mile I travelled toward them they went up into the sky until they became great and majestic. So when I reached the home mission field and got some vague suspicion of its possibilities, of the opportunities of a man "to waste his life" there; when I came to know the men—there were not many women; six women in my congregation—I began to feel, not that I was too big to throw myself away on the work, but I began to wish that I had been a great many big men, rolled up into one, so that I could command a great many lives to spend in that work.

The West is of unusual importance as a basis for foreign missionary work. Our nearest neighbours on the west are the Chinese and Japanese, and we are doing a bigger trade every day with both these countries. When we come to be still closer neighbours—and transportation is bringing us nearer every day—what will happen if we have between the Eastern States and the middle West, throbbing with Christian faith and the heathen lands of Asia, a non-conducting West? Our foreign missionaries come back to us from Hong Kong and Calcutta, and say that the most difficult thing for them to overcome is that lying testimony borne to the Christian religion by men who bear the name of Christ, but have hearts worse than those of the heathen. It is difficult to balance the book that is written in a man's life with the book that is written on paper, and I venture to say that unless Western America is strongly Christian we will have a hard time converting China and Japan.

The West is also of great intrinsic importance. There is no doubt that as far as Canada is concerned the greater part of it is going to be west of Winnipeg—but it is hard to get some things into eastern people's heads, and I have almost broken my heart trying to prove to

* Condensed from an address delivered on Round Top, East Northfield, Mass., at the Student Conference. Reprinted from The Missionary Review of the World.

the eastern people of Canada the importance of the West. Think of its great wheat-growing power—enough to feed the world! Then in that country we have a very large undeveloped mineral belt and immense lumber resources. The same is true of the Western States.

This all shows that we shall have in the West a very large population. And if we peopled our wheat lands as England is peopled, we should have one hundred and fifty millions living there. We haven't them yet, but they are coming. Dr. Robertson used to say that where you can grow wheat and beef, you can grow men; and where beef and wheat are raised men will go. In the western home mission lands of America we shall have a population that is going to guide our destinies; the balance of power will be in the West. Is it not worth while making that country Christian? As a matter of Christian business, can we afford to lose it?

The time element is important. I believe that the next ten years will decide the following fifty years. Men come in, bring up families, establish homes, and if the children are not made Christians in Sabbath-schools, if they grow up like Indians, think of the tremendous reactive influence upon all our continent. We cannot afford, from any point of view, to neglect our West. Let no man think that he is throwing his life away if he goes and preaches to miners, lumbermen, or ranchers away out in the West.

Look at the conditions there. In a ranching country the rancher builds his little shack; his cattle roam all over the country, and his cowboys are out on the ranch. When a meek and mild tenderfoot settles there, to whom does he look as his model? To the old-timer. The rancher lords it over him, and forms his public opinion. Those ranchers are looking after crops and cattle, making money, and if there is nothing to remind them of God and of Jesus Christ, and the claims of God over men, the whole country becomes incased in materialism, in God-forgetfulness, and sometimes in soul-destroying vice, which years of Christian work cannot counteract. But let a missionary go in with the first settlers, and how different it is!

One man counts for a tremendous amount out here. It is wonderful how many you can discover in a camp who love righteousness. After one man has stood up for it, how many men will swing in behind the leader! Let a man be found who stands for God, and there will be twenty-five others who believe in God and will not be very much afraid to say so.

Now, for the doing of this work the institution upon which we must rely under God is the Christian Church. I believe in schools; I believe in literature. I used to carry on my saddle-bags loads of illustrated papers and magazines, and all the miners' shacks were decorated with them. They were always glad to see me with that pile at my back. In our country we owe a very great deal to an organization which was set in motion by Lady Aberdeen, the "Aberdeen Society," which gathers magazines from all the towns and cities in Eastern Canada, and sends them out to missionaries and other men in the West. But in spite of schools, in spite of literature, however good they may be, after all, the one chief agency by which the work is accomplished is the Church.

It is wonderful how hard it is to be vicious beside a church out there. The first time I struck one little town I asked a man who was sawing wood in his back yard on Sunday where was their preaching-place, and he said he didn't know. The stores were open; the mines were going; the saloons full blast.

I asked him if they had services in town, and he believed they did, but didn't know where. I hunted around around and found an old shack which was used for services, but no church was in evidence. In six months we had built on the flat down below the mines a little church twenty-four by forty-six, not very tremendous, but very tremendous there—a little church with a little tower on it and Gothic windows. We were not going to have any square windows, we were going to have it put up in good ecclesiastical style. In the West they like a minister to be a minister out and out. As they say, they don't want any chicken around there; they want a "preacher with all his tail-feathers." And they like a church in good style; so we had the Gothic windows and the tower.

I preached there once or twice every Sunday, but even while I was away there was a great big sermon being preached all the day long, a sermon that was preached by that church. That little spire and those windows preached to men from Monday morning to Saturday night, and it was a little difficult for men to run their saloons and for Christian men to keep their stores open on Sunday under the rebuke of that church building.

The Church is doing the work because of what the Church represents. The Church stands for the things that you cannot see; it stands for *the spiritual*. When a man goes west he does not go for his health—not always. He goes to make money; he is after the gold, and he forgets that there are other things. He even forgets his wife and little children in the East. They forget God and everything else but the mine, and the fun, and the money. The Christian Church keeps holding up to men the Great God, and the things of God; and when men get thinking deeply below the crusts of their hearts, then the Church gets in its work and brings to them memories and feelings that may help to lift them above the miserable, low surroundings in which they live. The Church stands for the spiritual.

The Church also stands for this—a thing of prime importance in a western town, or any place in this country: it stands for *righteousness*.

I remember one fellow, a Presbyterian, I am sorry to say, who was keeping a saloon out there—you will be surprised at that; all Presbyterians will—and one of our missionaries dropped in on him. The saloon-keeper treated him well—that is, he fed him well. The missionary went to see him often; he didn't rub it into him on account of his sin—that isn't the way to go about it—but just treated him like a man, and when he did speak of religion he gave it to him hard. One day when the missionary came back he found the fellow carrying on his house, but carrying it on dry. No more whiskey there; no more carousals of the boys at that place. The missionary said: "Why is this?"

"Well," the man said, "I will tell you—ever since you came here first I have had a kind of feeling that it wasn't right."

What woke up his conscience? The appearance of the man who represented the Church. And he became one of the pillars of the Church in that town. Probably nothing would have done that for the man but the impact of the Church. If you are going out west to work, go as a Christian, representing some Church, if possible; go as a missionary. They may not know whether you are Presbyterian, or Episcopalian, or Methodist, and they don't much care, but the Church represents to them the spiritual things and righteousness.

Then the Church represents also

—and this is necessary in a missionary—*human love*. Jesus expected Peter to show his love for Him by caring for His sheep, and we must show our love to Christ, not simply by an emotion in our hearts, but by loving the men whom Christ died to save. You cannot help a man in the East or West unless you become interested in him. Unless his sorrow makes you sad, unless his sin grieves you, unless his wandering makes you lonely, you cannot help him. The Church stands for the love of God and love to man.

I remember getting a lesson one day that stood me in good stead, for years. I was up in the mountains, in a new town, where I was trying to introduce a new mission. I came across a fellow from Nova Scotia. That is where they breed men of the right kind, a good many Scotch Presbyterians who know their Shorter Catechism. It is a great pity that book is not known better. This man was holding an important railroad position, and I talked with him about starting a mission there, but he didn't feel that it was quite in his line. I began asking him where he came from. That isn't always safe, because these men often do not come from anywhere. It is not safe to ask their names either; you call them what the rest of the fellows call them, and that is all you should try to know about many of them. But I risked asking this fellow.

"From Nova Scotia," he said.

"From Nova Scotia! What is your Church?"

"Presbyterian," he said; and then he warmed up to the subject. "My father was an elder in the Presbyterian Church."

"I didn't feel as astonished as I looked, but I looked at him with as much astonishment as I could. He said, answering my look: "Well, that is so; I guess my father wouldn't know me now."

"How did you ever get like this," I asked—he was a pretty wild fellow. "It is a shame for you, brought up as you were, to live as you do in this town."

Then he turned round on me and gave it to me. He said, "Do you see that shack up there?"

"Yes."

"Well, when I came here two years ago I lived in that shack six months by myself. I read everything I had to read until I knew it by heart; I even read the almanacs. But what is a fellow to do? A man can't live alone in this country. The boys were all down in the saloon. I can't go there unless I pay my way. How was I to pay? By taking a hand in the games and paying for my drink."

I went away from him feeling pretty badly, for I had lived long enough in the country to know that if I had been living up in that shack for six months, and the only thing open for me in the way of entertainment or relaxation was a saloon, I would probably have gone down to that saloon. Did you ever try keeping yourself aloof from the great swim of life that is going past you? I could not realize the temptation because I was braced against it by my very mission there. This fellow wasn't. He wasn't a Christian man, and there he was, with no home, no mother's influence, no church, no Sabbath day, no Christian public opinion — everything swinging the other way. The lesson did me good. I learned to sympathize with the fellow, and to feel the desperate nature of his need. I had been professional in my dealings with him before, but he was my brother then. Thank God, the fellow took hold, and before long he was going around with me, rounding up the other men, and he is today a member of the Church—a good fighting and working member. But I learned my lesson.

It is wonderful how God is al-

ways at the back of a man who is pushing on with all his might. The man who is always leaning back against God, and expecting God to do all the work, won't accomplish very much. The man who does the business is the man who goes into the fight with all his might and reckons upon God backing him up and leading him on. I remember one missionary who, in his early pre-Christian days, had been something of an athlete and used to "handle his hands." He went out to a western town, and was met by a deputation to tell him that no missionaries were wanted there.

"Well," he said, "I was sent here by my Church, and until they tell me to quit I am not going to quit."

They rather liked that about him, and let him settle. He went quietly about his work. The first night he slept under a lumber pile. It was nice and open, with plenty of fresh air, and he felt good and fresh the next morning. When a mining town is new, and there is no place to sleep, everything is full—so is every person. One day they were building a road up the valley, and every man in the town was impressed to work or pay money. The saloon-keepers all paid money. They were not in training, and they had more money than muscle. The committee came to the preacher and asked for five dollars.

"Well," he said, "gentlemen, silver and gold have I none, but I will do a day's work for you."

So he went to work, and kept at it a week. The boys working beside him said, "It is an awful pity that a man who can shovel like you should go preaching." But he won their respect; a man who can shovel like that wasn't to be trifled with. They helped him to build his church, and he became an institution in the town. When the "Opera Comique" came that way—out west always associated with all that is vile—the missionary was the man who went quietly to the young fellows and said: "Is this thing going to be allowed to go on here? You know what these people are here for—to take all the money that they can get out of you—and you know it means ruin to body and soul." They realized that they had a leader, and the "Opera Comique" was closed up.

One day a big flood came down the valley and swept away a great many houses. The missionary opened the church, and for some weeks the people lay there several tiers broad. If a man has in him a right heart and a right courage and spirit, God will give him success. It is worth while giving your life to make this country a great and noble country for God and for man.

A PRAYER.

Our souls are tethered; round and round
  One central point we wander still,
  Like some poor lamb that feeds his fill,
And never knows that he is bound.

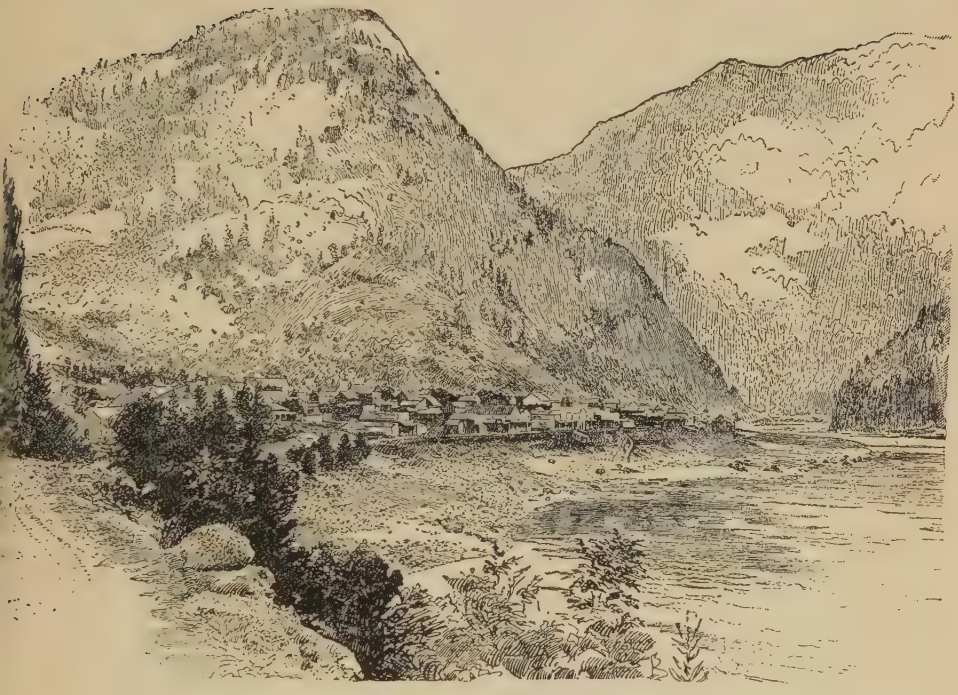
Give us this day our daily bread, we pray,
  And give us likewise, Lord, our daily thought,
  That our poor souls may strengthen as they ought,
And starve not on the husks of yesterday.

Living a life that men shall love to know
  Has once been lived on this degenerate earth,
  And sing it like some tale of long ago
In ballad sweetness round their household hearth.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

STEVE'S LAST RIDE.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWNING.



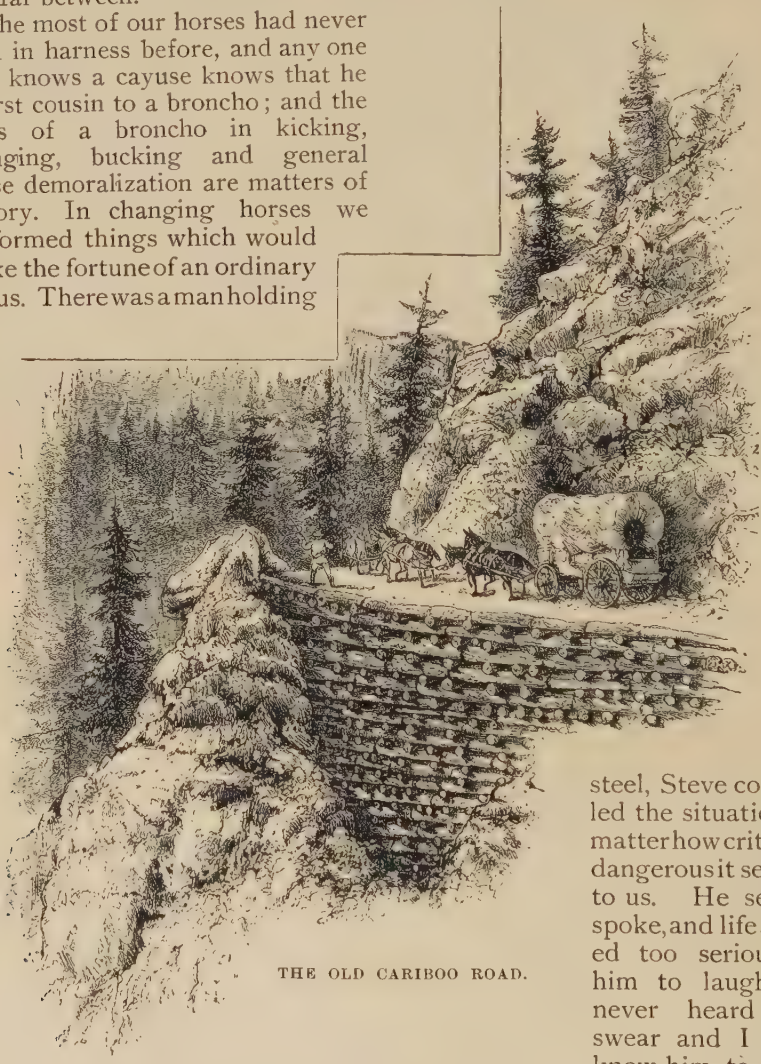
YALE, HEAD OF NAVIGATION ON THE FRASER RIVER.

A RIDE in a Rocky Mountain coach in the old staging days was one of those things which, once experienced, can never be forgotten. It was in 1864, with Steve for a driver, that I rode on the first coach for its first drive from Yale to Cariboo. Steve's fame had preceded him, for had he not driven the overland coach across the plains to California, evading all robbers and escaping from all Indians? So, to ride behind Steve was a passport to safety and a guarantee of your life being spared if horses and coach held together and Steve sat on the box.

To drive six cayuse horses along the edge of a precipice with nothing but the skill of the driver between you and annihilation, and to gallop safely down and up hills where at one moment the coach threatened to fall over on the horses and the next the horses to fall back on the coach, was no sinecure for the driver, be he ever so skilful or his nerve ever so strong. There was a road just built along the edge of the Fraser River. Travellers to-day, as they skirt the opposite side in their railway car, wonder how ever such a road was built, and wonder still more how ever the "old-timers" dared to travel over it. It was a risky experiment, and when we said good-bye to Yale there were doubts freely expressed of our ever return-

ing. Everything was new and untried and the surprises that were sprung upon us were neither few nor far between.

The most of our horses had never been in harness before, and any one who knows a cayuse knows that he is first cousin to a broncho; and the feats of a broncho in kicking, plunging, bucking and general horse demoralization are matters of history. In changing horses we performed things which would make the fortune of an ordinary circus. There was a man holding



THE OLD CARIBOO ROAD.

every horse and the passengers were exhorted to sit still, no matter whatever happened, and to grip the sides of the coach hard. Rearing, screaming, and leaping, the horses would at last, as if by a preconcerted arrangement, go off with a bound. In front sat Steve holding the reins in one hand and his long whip in the other, with his right foot on the brake. Rigid as a statue, eyes keen as an eagle's, and with muscles of iron and nerves of steel, Steve controlled the situation, no matter how critically dangerous it seemed to us. He seldom spoke, and life seemed too serious for him to laugh. I never heard him swear and I never knew him to touch liquor—and I have seen him sorely tempted to do both.

Once, when driving over a mountain road in a night as dark as the proverbial "pitch," our horses shied at something which no one saw but themselves, and over went our coach. From the midst of the struggling horses and the overturned coach a woman arose,

a bottle of liquor in one hand and a pistol in the other. Her avowed intention was then and there to shoot Steve for throwing her out of the coach. Steve looked at her in silence, and then with the proverbial courtesy of all Westerners toward women, he begged her pardon and assured her it should not happen again.

Some of these men were profane swearers and habitual drunkards, but their respect for women and children seemed to outlive all other virtues. "May I kiss your little boy?" said a strange miner to me. "Certainly," said I, and as he took the little fellow in his arms I wondered at the trembling which shook his whole frame. Seeing my surprise, he said, "I once had a little boy like that chap, but he sleeps now with his mother in the graveyard at home." He drifted away into the outside darkness, and I have often thought that perhaps the memory of the mother and boy may have saved him after all.

COACHING IN OLDEN TIMES.

Once I saw Steve sorely tempted and his triumph over it was to me a benediction. For four days and three nights we hardly ever left the coach. I was so tired that at a short stopping-place I slept while clinging to a log, which kept my body out of the mud. But Steve seemed never to tire. In the coach as fellow-passengers were gamblers and fallen women. They drank liquor continually, and again and again pressed it on Steve. Nothing could tempt him to drink, and when at the end of our long ride he stepped down from the box, every inch a man, I thought surely God will not forget such a man in the day when duty well done will count for something.

Steve believed in Providence—and that means much when every hour you are face to face with contingencies which no one can foresee nor prevent. One awfully dark and stormy night, when the road before us was unusually perilous, we had as off-leader a very dangerous horse. Steve seemed very thoughtful that night, for the way was a risky one for a trusty horse, much more for one so tricky as ours. We reached our next stopping-place without a hitch, to find that our off-leader had never been attached to the driving rein! I see that scene

again—the dark night, lit up with lanterns, and the wondering ostlers taking the horses to the stable, whilst Steve was exclaiming, "God only brought us through. Providence, boys, Providence did it," and I fancied every one said "Amen."

Steve was superstitious, as are all Westerners. One moonlight night a huge wolf ran in front of our coach for miles. Nothing scared him. He kept at an equal distance from us for hours, as if piloting us safely across the plain. Steve averred that it was the embodied spirit of some lost and, perhaps, murdered miner. In the distance were the mountains, and all around us the plain, with that uncanny wolf, the only solitary living thing except ourselves as far as we could see or hear. Pardon me, reader, if I confess to something like awe whenever that scene recurs to me. It was all so weird, and yet so marvellously real, that I have ceased to wonder why men living amid such mighty solitudes see the supernatural so vividly.

For years Steve drove his coach over these mountain roads. Sometimes he carried the treasure trove of Cariboo, with an armed guard keeping watch day and night. Great men and rich men were often his passengers, but to all he was simply Steve, the best driver on the Pacific Coast and "as honest a man," the miners declared, "as ever wore shoe-leather."

But there came, as there will come to all, his last ride. Wet, tired, and, as he declared, "a sort of all-gone feeling" possessing him, Steve got off his coach for the last time. The men who lived at the little station stowed him away in their "best bunk" and tenderly watched over the now fever-stricken man. But Steve was away East with father and mother, and sang as he sung when a child, the old nursery rhymes and simple hymns of childhood. He lay dying in the mountains, but he lived in memory amid the scenes of the long, long ago. The men listened and sighed, for they, too, could not forget.

Steve was restless, and, when the end drew near, the watchers noticed that his right foot kept moving outside the blankets as if searching for something on which to rest. They tenderly covered it over again and again; but still the foot moved to and fro. Just as the shadow of death began to creep over his countenance Steve, for the first time in some hours, spoke. "Boys!" said he, "boys!" in louder tone, "boys!" yet louder, "I'm on the down grade and I have lost the brake." That was all, and he died. He could not stop the rush of the pale horses nor stop the coach of Death in which we all must ride. But I hoped that at the close of his last journey there was some welcome from the Master for a man who lived a "white life" and always did his duty under the shadow of the Providence of God.

Toronto.

PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.

Two went to pray? Oh! rather say:
One went to brag, the other to pray.
One stands up close and treads on high
Where the other dares not bend his eye.
One nearer to God's altar trod;
The other to the altar's God.

—*Richard Crashaw.*

THE APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SEAL OF APOSTLESHIP.

BY this time the "Asteroid" had halted at Gravesend for the exchange of pilots, and there was a temporary lull in the work, the decks being beautifully clear. Saul's comprehensive glance having satisfied him that he might safely allow it, he permitted his gang to go and smoke, while he himself mounted the top-gallant fo'csle in the hope of getting a word with his fellow Christian, the skipper of the tug. For the human heart, whether it be regenerate or no, clings to its affinities, loves fellowship with its like, and Saul knew already that on board the "Asteroid" he was utterly alone as far as Christian fellowship went. So he was intensely gratified when the tug drifted slowly near enough for him to get speech of his brother Stevens, and presently the passing watermen and crews of barges were stiffened with amazement to hear language being exchanged between two such men as Saul and Skipper Stevens as they had hitherto only associated with Hallelujah Bands or the Salvation Army. The colloquy was brief, but most valuable to both, especially to Saul, who, by the time Stevens' parting "God be with you, brother, an' make ye a blessin' aboard yer ship," had come pealing across the water, was ineffaceably stamped in the sight of all on board as a professing Christian. And even while his heart beat high with the knowledge that he had just taken opportunity of most publicly confessing his Master, he was being discussed in the fo'csle under his feet with a vigour of epithet and bitterness of hatred that seemed as if nothing short of seeing the last drop of his blood drained from his body would satisfy it.

They were a mixed crowd, of course, but for a wonder mostly British. And, as usual, it was the British part that was most intractable, also that had been the worse for drink when turned out. There were a couple of Swedes who had been long in British ships, who were as drunken, as voluble, and as truculent as any Briton could possibly be.

Saul was now, by his own deliberate act, stamped, as I have said, with the stigma of Christianity. For the time being he was the most discussed man in the ship. The mate and second mate, having a little leisure as the ship was being towed swiftly down the lower reaches of the Thames, held a most serious consultation about him. "Well," said the mate with a sigh, as if giving up a too difficult problem, "I knew he was a 'tote,' 'cause I offered him a drink before 'turn to,' an' he wouldn't have it; but after seein' him yank that long beast out o' th' fo'csle as if he'd been a truss of straw an' block him like a prize-fighter when he tried to rush him afterward, I certainly wasn't prepared to find him a Holy Joe. Must be a totally new kind. I've always had an idea that when a man got converted, as they call it, all he was fit for afterward was goin' about with a face on him like a kite mournin' over everybody's sins, an' preachin' all sorts o' funny things that couldn't possibly be practised, besides being so soft that he'd let everybody do just what they liked with him for fear of losin' his character. But if this chap's got a soft spot about him, I ain't seen it yet. If he goes on as he's goin', I shall begin to feel that there's something more in the business than I've got any idea of."

Mr. Kerton, the second mate, gnawed his moustache awhile thoughtfully, and then replied: "I can't imagine how it is, but although I know there are Christians ashore who ain't soft a bit—that is, silly soft—that kind don't seem to thrive aboard ship."

Just then the steward called the mate to dinner, and, telling the second mate to see whether all hands were getting their mid-day meal in proper order, Mr. Carroll went below, to renew the subject with the captain. Mr. Kerton, having passed a word or two with the pilot, strolled away forrard in obedience to his orders, and, as it happened, passed the door of the berth in which lived

the bo'sun, carpenter, and sail-maker. As he did so, his quick ear caught the sound of a hoarse voice raised in anger. "Looky here," it said, "afore we goes any farrther, let's unnershtan', once an' fur a', that thur's gaun tae be nae daum ipocreetical carrin's-on in this hauf-deck. Aam a Scotchmin masel, an' ma forbears, daft eedits, wur Covenanters, sae Ah ken fine the haill meseerable feck o' shupersteeshun, idolatry, an' humbug 'at's ca'ed Christyaneety. I'll hae none o't, I tell ye, whaur Ah leev. An' it may's well be settelt noo an' dune w'it as gae ony farrther."

Interested, in spite of himself, Kerton paused just out of sight. He heard the strong, clear voice of Saul replying: "Chips, my lad, you're making a big mistake. If I hadn't felt that God's hand would uphold me against the whole of the ship's company, if necessary, I wouldn't be here. I know very well that when you do get a bad Scotchman, which isn't often, you get a mighty bad man, but" (here his voice rose a little) "if you were twenty bad Scotchmen rolled into one you wouldn't force me to do what I didn't like as far as my conscience is concerned——"

Crash, and the firm tones were succeeded by the panting of two strong men fiercely struggling. Chips had flung himself like a wild-cat at Saul, and, by the force of impact unexpected, had borne him to the deck. But Saul's muscles were not relaxed by weeks of dissipation, and slowly but certainly he twisted his body round until he was uppermost. Then, by a great effort, he rose, dragging with him his assailant, and together, still fiercely struggling, they emerged on deck, leaving the floor of their apartment strewn with the fragments of their dinner.

The second mate, as in duty bound, interfered, but Saul cried cheerily, "Please let it go through, sir; it'll save lots of trouble later." But by this time the crew had left their dinner and clustered aft, while hoarse voices among them ejaculated, "Kill the ——, Chips; knife him; cut his liver out; choke the cantin' ——," and similar kindly encouragements. Alas for their hopes, it was immediately evident that Chips was but as a babe in the hands of a giant. Suddenly his body, a confused-looking heap, flew across the deck, struck against the bulwarks, and lay there motionless. Without an instant's pause, Saul leaped in among the blaspheming crowd, singling out the most eager, potential murderer of them all, and seized him by the throat with so fell a grip that he hung limply backward on the moment. The rest dispersed as Saul's voice rang out: "Get forrard, every one of you, an' finish yer grub; it'll be time to turn to directly."

By this time the skipper had arrived on the scene, and as Saul, somewhat flushed, but still smiling pleasantly, faced him, he inquired sternly what was meant by all this riotous behaviour. To which question Saul answered: "Sir, I shipped as bo'sun of this fine ship of yours fully capable of carrying on the work, and I'll abide by your officer's evidence whether I have done so up till now. But I am a Christian man, and can't bear injustice. So, because I've made the loafers work in order that the decent fellows sha'n't be worked to death, the loafers want to kill me. Then, because I thank my dear Father for my food, in the presence of my two berth-mates, the carpenter (poor fellow, I'm afraid he's hurt) flings himself at me like a wild beast. That's all, sir, and if I have offended you I'm sorry. But I think you know quite as well as I do that a little trouble at the first often saves a lot of trouble afterward."

The skipper, a hale, bright man of about fifty years, laid a hand upon Saul's shoulder, saying: "Bo'sun, I'm proud to have you on board my ship. And I'm sure if all Christians were to behave as you've done, there'd be more of 'em about than there are. I don't profess to be a Christian myself, but I'll back you up as far as it lies in me. Mr. Kerton, see that the bo'sun has every assistance possible at all times." So saying, Captain Vaughan returned to his dinner. And Saul also, finding that for the present things had straightened themselves out somewhat, stepped into his apartment to see if there still remained any food with which to satisfy his legitimate hunger. He found the sail-maker in an exceedingly amiable frame of mind, ready to talk upon any subject whatever; but the carpenter, poor man, sat upon the spars outside, his head buried in his hands, in an attitude of deepest dejection.

As soon as Saul had completed his meal as well as he was able, he lit his pipe and stepped out to where the carpenter sat. Laying his hand tenderly upon the stooping man's shoulder, he said: "Chips, my boy, don't mind me; go an' get a smoke. I'm sure we'll be the best of chums yet. There's no harm done, is there?" Chips answered never a word, but rose to his

feet and went into the berth, leaving Saul sitting in the placid enjoyment of his tobacco, an expression on his face as of a man who had not a single care or worry in the world. And the ship sped steadily onward out to sea.

In the fo'csle there was a great ferment. For the decent fellows, feeling that they had a powerful auxiliary in the bo'sun, began to assert themselves. In many ships these willing workers lead a dog's life all the voyage through, for the sole reason that those in authority do not do their duty. But in the fo'csle of the "Asteroid" there was felt to be a new influence at work, casting its weight on the side of right and justice, and the men who under unjust conditions would have suffered silently, now felt impelled to take a firm stand. So, when the wastrels renewed their curses upon the man whom they hated, dissentient voices arose. One man in particular, a fair-haired little Scotchman, boldly said :

"Well, boys, Ah don't know fhat ye think aboot this bizness, but Ah'm of opingon 'at if every mon'll dae fhat he signed fur we'll have a very comfortable ship. Ah'm no vera much in luve wi' nigger-drivin' masel ; 'deed, Ah'm no that ower fond o' work ava, but the wark hes tae be dune, an' ef hauf o's hae made up oor mines tae dae's little's we can, an' th' ither hauf's tryin' tae dae fhat thae signed for, why, 't'll be harrd on the willin' anes. Ah don't think yon bo'sun's hauf a bad yin. He on'y seems tae want all hands tae hev aiquel richts, an' Ah'm with 'm theer ivery time."

At this outspoken speech there was a muttered volley of cursing, amid which various unprintable epithets applied to sneaks, tale-bearers, toadies, etc., were heard frequently. But there was no direct reply. And it was quite a relief when, in the midst of it all, Saul's clear voice was heard crying, "Turn to!" It was also quite refreshing to see the alacrity with which the time-honoured summons to labour was obeyed. Even those who had growled the loudest did not seem to think it expedient to hang back.

The mate strolled about with an expression of perfect contentment upon his face, watching with calm delight the unerring certainty of all his bo'sun's orders. And all the while, through gradually worsening weather, the "Asteroid" sped steadily seaward through the intricacies of the Thames estuary. In spite of the chill in the air searching their impoverished blood, notwithstanding the steady downpour of sleety rain soaking their poor garb and giving grim premonitions of future rheumatism, all hands felt hopeful.

Work was proceeding thus steadily when suddenly there was heard a loud splash, and almost at the same moment Saul's voice was heard thunderously exclaiming, "Man overboard!" With one gigantic leap from the top-gallant fo'csle he reached the main deck far abaft the foremast, and in half a dozen bounds, as it seemed, he was on the poop, had torn a life-buoy from its lashings and hurled it, with wonderful accuracy of aim, close by the side of Larry Doolan, the recalcitrant A. B. of the morning, who was now just on the edge of eternity's abyss. A sharp blast on the mate's whistle had arrested the tug, which was dropping astern fast, her skipper having a good notion of what was the matter. But Saul and half a dozen of his men were tearing like madmen at the port quarter-boat, striving to free it from its paint-incrusted gripes, labouring to move the rusted-in chocks, trying, in a word, to undo in one frantic minute the result of months of neglect.

Yet during these toils Saul's keen glance never for a moment lost sight of the struggling man in the wide waste of waters. He was no great distance away, and yet to Saul it seemed certain that before their boat could be lowered he would be gone. He did not appear able to gain the life-buoy. So, seeing that the ship's way was stopped, and that the tug was coming, Saul ripped off his oilskin coat and trousers, kicked off his boots, and sprang from the quarter into the sea. With bated breath his shipmates watched him as he swam with splendid vigour towards the drowning man; watched him tenderly handling him when he reached him; saw the tug's handy little boat dropped from her davits and pulled swiftly towards the pair; and, finally, with a rousing cheer that came from the very depths of their hearts, they hailed the boat's return with their shipmates both alive.

Wearily Saul mounted the side, for the physical strain had been very great. But his face was bright with the consciousness of having nobly done a Christian's part; and a feeling he could not suppress took possession of him that he had been granted, and had taken advantage of, an opportunity of justifying his Christian standpoint that would have more weight with his shipmates than all the sermons ever written. He was calling up his reserves of strength to go on with his work, for there was

much to be done in readjusting the great towing hawser slipped by the tug, when Mr. Carroll peremptorily ordered him below for a change of clothes and rest. He made but a feeble remonstrance, for even his great, fresh strength had felt the drain upon it, and soon he was in his berth, donning a suit of dry clothes, and softly crooning to himself one of his favourite songs—"My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;" and then, standing by the side of his bunk with his head dropped on his hands, he unpacked his heart of his overload of thanks—broken, ungrammatical, disconnected—as unlike "made-up" praise as could well be, but fragrant with the true incense of a grateful soul. He lay down in great peace, and in two minutes was asleep.

Meanwhile poor Larry, although tended most carefully by the skipper, had been through a critical time. His life-tides had run very low by reason of his mad behaviour while ashore, and this tremendous shock, coming as it did upon a frame so enfeebled as his, was almost more than he could bear. So, for a time, it was a matter for grave anxiety with the skipper, who naturally was intensely desirous that his voyage should not begin in so sad a fashion. He watched breathlessly by the side of the almost moribund man, administering from time to time such restoratives as his scanty medical knowledge suggested to him, until at last he was rewarded by seeing the poor fellow's breathing become regular, his temperature fall, and natural sleep ensue.

Orders were issued to set sail, and it did the skipper's heart good to see how thoroughly his new bo'sun understood his work. For Saul, rested and refreshed, had returned to his duty, in spite of the mate's remonstrances, and the mellow thunder of his voice reverberated through the ship as he ably carried out the orders give him by the mate.

Feeling that they had a man over them, not only one that would stand no nonsense, but one that knew his business most thoroughly, the fast-recovering seamen worked well, even the duffers (about half of their number) doing their best to gain, as they supposed, the goodwill of their bo'sun. Sail after sail was added, until every available stitch was set, in spite of the threatening appearance of the weather. And so it came about that when the hands had been mustered, the watches set, and the true sea routine entered upon, there were two men on board the "Astercid" who could safely count upon getting all out of the crew they had to give, unconscious tributes to real worth. Those two men were Saul and Captain Vaughan.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROGRESS.

From Saul, with his voyage well begun in a double sense, speeding westward for the bright, broad openness of the deep blue sea, back to Rotherhithe is by no means a pleasant transition.

After Saul's departure, Jemmy for a time felt as if he had lost his main support. As Pug Maskery had foretold, the influx of those who had been converted on the memorable evening immediately before Saul's departure necessitated an almost immediate enlargement of their premises if the "church" was to be held together. Besides, Jemmy was a profound believer in and practiser of baptism by immersion, and he wanted a pool of their own in the hall, "so we shawn't be beholden to nobody," as he put it. Therefore, negotiations were at once opened with the owner of the property for the leasing of the adjoining stable. He, like a prudent man of the world, without any scruples, at once asked double the rent that he had hitherto received, stipulating, as before, that all alterations, repairs, etc., must be carried out by the lessees. This brought the rent up to £40 a year, fortunately without taxes, being a building for religious services only, and in addition it meant at least another £20 at once laid out upon the necessary alterations and cleansing. Now, trivial as these sums may sound to some of us, they were to the restricted ideas of Jemmy and his friends prodigious, and even Brother Salmon shook his head despondently.

But, as so often happens, it was the new blood that provided the needed stimulus. Bill Harrop, the new convert, whose sudden restoration had paved the way for such a great ingathering on the night just referred to, rose in the church meeting and spoke for the first time.

"Brothers an' sisters," he said, "I got a lot er leeway ter make up. I don' know whether I sh'l git much charnce, but I 'ope I shall. I don' know 'ow ter tell yer 'ow glad I am, an' 'ow much good you've done me, but if any of yer wants ter know go an'

arsk my missus an' th' pore kids. Y' all know I c'd earn good money if I'd on'y keep sober long enough. Well, the bloke I ben a-workin' for off an' on fur years (w'en I did work), 'e ses t' me on the Monday mornin' arter I got converted, e' ses, 'Bill Harrop,' 'e ses, 'I 'ear you've jined the Salvation Army.' 'No, I ain't,' I ses, ses I, 'I've on'y come t' Jesus, th' workin' man's Friend, an' I b'lieve 'e's got 'old of me so solid 'at 'e'll never let me go any more.' 'Oh, well, it's all the same,' 'e' ses. 'Any'ow, I'm jolly glad t' 'ear of it, 'cause I wants a lot of work done, an' if this 'ere business is goin' t' keep ye orf th' oozeboo, w'y, I'll be delighted. An' more,' 'e ses, ses 'e, 'I'll tell yer wot I'll do jus' f'r a lark: every day 'at you keeps orf it I'll give them people wot's got 'old of yer a tanner!' Well, all I got ter say more is 'at as I useter spend at least three bob a day in tiddley w'en I was at work, I think I c'n spare a kiyah (eighteen-pence) a day t' make the governor's tanner two og (shillings). An' I'll come an' do my bit of graft in the 'All, too, w'enever I got any time orf. Gord bless yer."

This was a clincher. It changed the tone of the meeting directly, and it was at once decided that every brother and sister in the meeting should make themselves responsible to God for a shilling a week over their ordinary contributions. And as there were now twenty-two members, that meant 22s. per week additional, for it was almost certain that they would starve before allowing their contributions to lapse.

Jemmy and the brethren, being thus reinvigorated, bestirred themselves mightily, and the begging that went on at the biweekly open-airs was phenomenal both in its persistency and its results. As Jemmy told his auditors: "Th' bad wevver'll soon be 'ere, w'en we sharn't be able t' git out t' ye wiv th' glad tidin's, 'n if we ain't got no place t' arsk ye inter, w'y, ye'll be as bad orf as ever. Nah we've a-promised th' Lord 'at we won't go back t' that state o' fings, 'cause we bin so blessed an' encouraged of late, so 'ave annuver feel rahnd in them there pockets o' yours 'n' see if ye carn't find anuvver stiver t' put in this bank."

In response to this fervid appeal the coppers simply rained in; but it was reserved for an old seller of fire-wood, who had recently been brought in, to overtop all the previous efforts in that direction. "Woody"—he was never called anything else, and had almost forgotten his real name—had been a consistently walking Christian for many years, during the whole of which he had never, even under the most severe pressure, entered a public-house, nor done anything else that the most censorious could lay hold of. Then his wife suddenly died—his partner of over forty years. And on the evening of the same day his old horse, representing almost the whole of his capital, died also. The two blows, following so rapidly upon one another, must have temporarily unhinged his mind, for, after a period of dumb crouching in his desolate home, he rose up, went straight to the nearest public-house, and got drunk. A policeman, new to the beat, arrested him and locked him up.

Joe Jimson, the stevedore, saw him being marched off, slowly realized what had happened, and bailed him out. But he had "broken out," and although Jimson had acted a friendly part, he was unable to follow it up by pouring oil and wine into the wounds of that poor bleeding old heart. And as he had thus openly backslidden after being a shining light at open-air meetings for so long, his fall was grievously felt, and the open hand of fellowship was tight shut against him. Even Jemmy, though in open meeting he always invited the general backslider to return, never sought out this particular one, who was so well known to him, and, indeed, had never once shaken hands with him since his fall.

It fell out, however, that on the great evening above referred to, something, he did not attempt to realize what, had drawn poor old Woody to the outskirts of the meeting. Things had been bitterly bad with him. For six months he had hardly been able to keep body and soul together by dragging his little truck of firewood about the streets, and often he was at starvation point because he could not make known his need to any one. While, then, he prowled around the fringe of the crowd, one of the latest adherents to the Band, Mary Seton, the coffee-house waitress, saw him, and, catching his eye, said: "O Woody, I am glad to see you 'ere. You know I've joined 'em, don't yer?" Woody shook his head, but looked his astonishment, while she in her eagerness and simplicity told him her story.

Now, Woody had known her from a child, and had often in his days of service for God warned and advised her, only to be roundly abused in the current vernacular for his pains. It was

the psychological moment, also, although, of course, neither of them were aware of it. At any rate, the immediate and blessed result was that Woody came back from his wanderings outside the fold, and at the first opportunity confessed his wrong-doing in the sight of all assembled on the "Waste." He made no excuses for himself, was unsparing in his condemnation of his own folly in thus voluntarily shutting himself out from the fellowship with the Father, and rejoiced exceedingly that by the testimony of a mere babe in Christ he had been won back in spite of the shame that had so long kept him away.

After the meeting was over all the members of the mission crowded round him, and thanked God that they could have fellowship with him once more; but every one felt in greater or less degree, according to their capacity for feeling, that had they acted a brother's or sister's part towards the poor old man he might long ago have been restored—nay, he might never have fallen. But he had no reproaches for them; his cup was brimming with gladness; and, as if to put the final touch upon his joy, an old customer of his lent him a pony and cart the next day, telling him that he had at present no use for it, having gone into a different line of business, and not being able to find a market for either animal or vehicle just then.

As if to try and make amends for his long neglect of his Master's business, Woody was now more diligent in his attendances at the various meetings in the south-east of London than he had ever been. Adhering to his old custom, he did not become a formal member of any particular one, but whenever anything special was going on he would generally be found helping. So, on this occasion, when it appeared as if the last copper had been drawn out of the crowd, Woody stepped forward, and, in a hush so profound that the beating of the people's hearts was almost audible, he told the story of his conversion long years before, of his falling away, and his recent return. His words were of the roughest, his voice rusty and broken, but his transparent sincerity was so manifest that he swayed the people as the wind sways the corn. And when at last he drew out a crown piece knotted in the corner of a piece of rag, expectation, wonder, and interest were almost painful in their intensity.

Holding the coin up between his right forefinger and thumb, he said: "Dear people, this 'ere dollar's my market money. Most on yer know wot I means. If I ain't got it, I carn't buy no wood, an' kinsequontly I carn't sell none. That means no grub for me nor the pony neither. Means no rent, too. But I'm so shore 'at the Lord loves me ter trust 'im, I'm so shore 'at 'e wornts me ter give yer a lead in this 'ere bizness, 'at I'm a-goin' t' drop it right inter this ring an' trust 'm ter pervide me wiv all I wants fer termorrer. 'Ere it goes," and he spun the coin into the middle of the circle. "Nah 'oo's a-goin' t' foller suit?" When you read of the effect of Girolamo Savonarola's preaching in Florence your hearts are touched; the glamour of mediaeval religion seizes upon your imagination, and in fancy you witness the aristocratic beauties gladly despoiling themselves of their jewels. But in Rotherhithe, in the nineteenth century, in the midst of mean streets and sordid environment, and above and beyond all, in matters contemporary with yourself, you may remain unmoved, unbelieving. So did not Woody's hearers. They gave, yes, they gave up all they had retained for what they had considered essential necessaries, and those who had nothing to give wept with vexation. And, in spite of the poverty of the neighbourhood, when the meeting was closed £9 14s. had been collected by the Band, which, as Jemmy said exultingly, would go "a long way to'rds finishin' the little place, if it didn't do so right aht."

As the meeting broke up and Woody was slowly wandering off the "Waste" to see about his faithful pony's welfare for the night, he felt a touch upon his shoulder, and turning, was clasped by the hands of a strange man to him, who said: "You don't know what you've done for me. I'd been scrapin' some money together to go and do a deed of darkness with. Here's a sovereign of it for you, and I'm going back to my poor wife and children." And he was gone. For a moment Woody stood looking at the coin almost stupidly; then, with the simple remark, "It's just like 'im," he continued his way stableward, his withered lips crooning the refrain of "The Pearly Gates."

Thus encouraged, Jemmy completed the bargain with the rapacious landlord, and signed the agreement to take the said premises for a term of seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, as well as covenanted to make all such alter-

ations and do all such repairs as might be necessary. And from that time forth it is undeniable that the Maskery household had a bad time. Fortunately the boys were earning fairly good money, and were exemplary in their conduct in bringing it home; but Jemmy—well, as Mrs. Maskery said, he might almost as well not be alive for all he brought in. The fact was that he was unable to think of more than one thing at a time. His restricted mind would not entertain the conduct of his own affairs and those of the mission at once, and as, in his opinion, the affairs of the mission were by far the most important, his own business suffered accordingly. I do not excuse or accuse him. I merely state the facts.

It was undeniable, though, that he put an enormous amount of energy into the work of the mission—so much, indeed, that the ensuing Saturday after the open-air meeting, when so much money was collected, saw once more a swarm of men, women, and even children collected at Wren Lane, all toiling like trolls to get the necessary work done. In the midst of them all were Jemmy and Woody, armed with clay-spades, delving like gold-miners to get a pool dug out. And all around them their friends worked at wall-scraping, roof-cleansing, carting away debris such as must be found in a long-neglected stable, and cutting and fitting match-boarding. But in the very nature of things such a task as this could not be carried through in quite the same time as the previous one. For one thing, it was four times as heavy, without the additional labour of digging out the pool.

The ardour of the toilers, however, knew no abatement, and on the third Sunday after the appeal had been made, the Wren Lane Mission was in possession of quite a large hall, seated for three hundred people, well ventilated, but not well warmed. The walls were match-boarded half-way up, and prettily distempered for the other half; while the overhead beams were scraped and varnished, and the great centre beam was elaborately lettered by a brother from a distance, who was a facile writer, with the text, "Oh, enter into His gates with praise." And, best of all, the only bill left unpaid was for the forms. But they had been supplied by a friend at cost price, and as he was in no hurry for his money the minds of the brethren were quite at ease.

Behold, then, the enlargement of the Wren Lane Mission an accomplished fact, all in train for a really great work to be carried on, and that, too, without the subscription of a penny from any external body of Christians. And when at last the long day's services were brought to a close, Jemmy made an announcement in a broken voice from the platform. He was overcome, because what he was saying represented the summit of his ambition. He gave out among other notices the momentous one that on Thursday next a baptismal service would be held, at which twenty believers had signified their intention of being immersed, and thus bearing witness to the faith they held, an announcement which was received with the liveliest satisfaction by all present.

CHAPTER XV.

A BAPTISMAL SERVICE.

It had always been one of Jemmy's favourite pieces of eloquence, and one that never failed to move a crowd either to laughter or tears—the telling of the story of his baptism. After Jemmy's conversion he felt a great longing to, as the brethren have it, follow the Lord in baptism, but principally owing to the fact that at his spiritual birthplace there was no pool, and his friends were not on sufficiently good terms with any of the Baptist chapels near to borrow one, his immersion was again and again deferred. At last the desire of Jemmy and three of his old chums, who had all been brought to the Lord about the same time, for the performance of the rite grew so intense that they could not longer bear the delay. Consequently, a meeting was arranged in the back yard of a disused building near Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, where there was a large open tank of water. But the building itself was fast closed against them, so that a dressing-room was not to be obtained. Moreover, it was bitterly cold. No matter. Without any preparation as far as suitable garb went, but just as he "stood upright in 'em," Jemmy was baptized, and on emerging from the water bolted across Tottenham Court Road, down one of the side streets, and into a friend's front basement room (one of the two he rented to live in), and there, standing in a tub so as not to turn the floor into a swamp, he changed into a dry suit. "An'," he would say, "I felt all of a sweat. I

worn't cold a bit, an' 'appy! ah-h-h!" There he always had to pause, as the remembrance of that ecstatic time overpowered him.

But in spite of his joyful recollections he was desperately dissatisfied at the idea of others going through the same hole-and-corner business; neither did he like appealing to Baptist hospitality; and, therefore, now that his great overmastering desire was about to be fulfilled, he seemed to grow visibly dignified. There were still difficulties to be overcome. In the first place, the accommodation for dressing and changing was exceedingly scanty; neither was there much likelihood of the converts being able to provide their own special robes for the occasion, while the church possessed none. And while the pool, as a pool, through the labours of Jemmy and Woody, was all that could be desired, being ten feet long by six feet wide and five feet deep, carefully cemented all round, and provided with a good set of steps at one corner, the water wasn't laid on. Worse than that, after the filling of the pool there was no means of draining it away, so that the mere physical labour of carrying backward and forward over a thousand large pails of water was sufficiently formidable to have daunted less earnest souls than these.

Needless to say, perhaps, that to Jemmy and Woody the fact of being able to render unto the Lord (as they believed) some bodily service was entirely delightful. Therefore, the service being fixed for a Thursday evening, on the Wednesday at about 7 p.m., the day's work being well over, Jemmy, Woody, and Pug made their way to the hall provided with two buckets and some cloths for wiping up the slop sure to be made.

Now, since Pug Maskery had fallen into the painful grip of sciatica, it was as much as he could do to hobble about with the aid of a stick, so that carrying water was out of the question, although he did at infinite pains, forcing many groans from his brave old heart, still go on with his business of chimney sweeping. But that was really necessary for his living. He had made a business contract with another son, a godless, reckless man, whereby on consideration of handing over his long and hardly earned connection he was to receive a stated sum per week—enough to live upon. Unfortunately, he soon found that if he did not wish to starve, by reason of his share remaining unpaid, it would be absolutely necessary for him to attend to business as usual, having no means of coercing his son, who would work or not, and pay or not, as it pleased him.

In Christian work like the present, however, all Pug's sympathies were engaged. His contributions in money were only limited by the shallowness of his purse; while it gave him unalloyed pleasure to come on such occasions and sit in the midst of the workers, telling them story after story from his rich experience, the moral of every one of which was that while nine out of every ten men were sure to fail you at a critical moment, if you put your whole trust in God you were bound to be all right. Your very mistakes seemed to be the right thing unconsciously done. And while Jemmy and Woody toiled back and forth to the adjoining stable bringing water, Pug sat and cheered them, so that when relief came in the shape of Brother Salmon and Brother Burn, the rigger, both of whom turned up about 9.30, quite two-thirds of the work was done. Then, while the two newcomers took up the task of water-carrying, Jemmy and Woody rushed off to borrow a portable copper with which to temper the undoubted chill of the water, lest any of the converts, not being upheld by sufficiently forceful faith, should catch a severe cold, and thereby have the edge of their new enthusiasm dulled.

So it came about that, in spite of the zest they brought to their labours, it was past eleven o'clock before all was in readiness for the morrow's ceremony.

Presently behold them, then, seated at the plain deal table in the favourite shop, with steaming plates of stewed eels and mashed potatoes before them (not much eel, but plenty of thick, parsley-sprinkled liquor), with healthy appetites and keen appreciation of this, the working-class Londoners' favourite supper dish. While eating it, Pug regaled them mentally with a reminiscence of his first chapel (as he called it). At the risk of stripping himself of all he possessed, he had fitted it up out of the ruins of a bankrupt carpenter's workshop, had provided seats, platform, pool, hymn-books, and all minor details. Then, to his sorrow, he found that he was not able to provide all the preaching required himself. So, in an evil hour, he was induced to subsidize (at 10s. weekly) an eloquent man to take his Sunday-evening services. Let him give the sequel in his own words:

"Brevren, 'e was the finest torker, that man, 'at ever I yeard. An' 'is knowledge o' Scripsher—well, I never 'erd anyfink like it. 'E seemed to know 'is Bible frum Genesis to Revelation by 'eart. An' I thort, pore innercent as I was (if it'd ben a 'orse deal er a corsin' match I wouldn't a thort so), 'at I'd a got a bargain such as no missioner ever 'ad before. Well, I useter lissen to 'im wiv such pleasure, I carn't tell ye. An' gradually I let 'im 'ave more an' more control of it, seein' as 'ow 'e could do it so much better 'n me, w'ile I went to uvver places w'ere I was invited to speak. I'd oughter known—only there's some kinds er knowin' ye carn't get wivout 'sperience—I'd oughter known better 'n ter leave me own gardin an' go 'elpin' ter cultivate uvver people's.

"This kinder thing went on fer abaht six monfs, until one day w'en I was a-goin' froo the accounts wiv 'im, 'e ses, sorter bashful like, 'Mister Maskery' ('e'd alwus called me bruvver before), 'Mr. Maskery,' ses 'e, 'I got somefin t' say t' ye.' 'Say away, ole man,' ses I quite cheerful, little finkin' wot wos comin'. 'Well,' 'e ses, 'th' congregation 'ere seems t' think 'at yore not quite orthydox on several p'ints of doctrine, an' besides, they've come to th' conclushion 'at you ant a-doin' the right thing by 'em. They're mos'ly of opinion 'at yore a-goin' abaht too much an' neglecktin' their sperritooal interests.'

"Then, brevren, I see it all in a minit. My ole bisness 'sperience come in straight, an' I 'eld up me 'and ter stop 'im, 'cause he was goin' t' say some more. ''Old on,' ses I, 'wos they a-perposin' t' make you the parstor of this 'ere chapel 'n' shunt me?' 'E didn't arnser fur a minit, but I waited till 'e pulls 'isself tergevver an' ses: 'Well, I don' quite like yore way o' putten' it, Mr. Maskery, but I mus' say thet's abaht wot it comes ter,' ses 'e. 'Har, I thort as much,' ses I. 'Well, looky 'ere, Mr. Brahn, I'm a child of Gord nah, an' so I carn't take yer be the neck an' fling yer froo that winder, as me fingers itch ter do, but fur Gord's sake don' you go 'n' temp' me too fur. Nah lissen. I ben pretty sleepy, I know, but I'm wide awak' nah. I'm payin' fur th' 'ole o' this show because I luv Gord 'n' I want t' do for uvvers wot uvvers 's done fur me. 'N' if I didn't see wot I do see, 'at yore a mean sneak wot wants ter get somefin' aht o' me an' somefin' aht o' the people, 'n' then w'en you've got all you kin, do a guy somewheres else 'n' begin agen, I'd give the 'ole thing up an' feel 'at I was on'y doin' wot wos right an' 'onest an' true. But seein' wot I do see, I tell yer wot I'm a-goin' t' do—I'm a-goin' t' arsk you t' come dahn t' th' chapel on Sunday night. I'll git a lot er bills aht so 's we can 'ave a full 'ouse, an' then I'll put th' matter afore th' people. An' if they wants ter git rid o' me an' 'ave you—all right, they're welcome; but you an' them 'll 'ave ter give me substanshul security fur repayment of all I've a-laid aht on th' chapel.'

"'E didn't say any more. Just walked orf, an' wen Sunday night come 'e didn't show up, an' in abaht five minits I found 'at th' people was all sound enough. It was 'im as was unsound. Wy, 'e was a Shaker, er a Mormon, or somefin' o' that kind, or at least 'e'd got a thin varnish o' some kind of tommy rot on top of a solid foundation o' lookin' arter Number 1. An' 'e'd faked up th' 'counts, too, so 'at 'is ten bob a week come aht nearer firty than ten. But I thenked Gord I'd got orf as cheap as I did, an' I thenked Gord a good menny times 'at sech a wolf in sheep's clovin' 'adn't been able t' rooin the work I'd giv not only me money to, but me 'art's blood."

. . . . . .

News of the proposed ceremony had spread throughout the neighbourhood with great thoroughness, and the result was a state of things entirely unforeseen by any of the brethren. When Jemmy and Brother Salmon arrived at 4 p.m. to heat the water for the pool, the alley leading up to the Hall was entirely deserted; indeed, it looked as if no one ever came there. But when at seven o'clock, thoroughly tired, the two workers opened the door to leave, and snatch a hurried meal, they found the narrow passage packed with eagerly waiting folk, who, as soon as they saw the pair, clamoured for admission. Poor Jemmy kept softly repeating to himself, "More than ye c'n arsk 'r even think. Bless th' Lord, so it is, so it is." And after snatching a few hurried mouthfuls he started off again, pursued by his eldest boy with a parcel. It contained a baptismal waterproof costume which he had obtained the loan of from a friend who was pastor of a small Baptist congregation in the north of London. He was overjoyed to find, though, that Captain Stevens, Brothers Jimson, Burn, and Harrop were there awaiting him, for by their aid he felt well able to maintain order. All the candidates for baptism had arrived also. These he managed to get in first, despatching

the sisters to their cupboard under the tender guardianship of Sister Salmon to prepare, and the brothers to their passage, with strict injunctions to mind and not lean against the partition. Then, admitting the impatient congregation, he and his helpers had their hands as full as they could well hold for ten minutes or so getting the people into their places. When at last all that the Hall would hold were inside, it was found that quite half as many again were shut out, and it was no easy task to pacify them. But it was accomplished at last, the doors were closed and the windows all opened, and Jemmy, every fibre quivering with almost uncontrollable excitement, gave out the grand old hymn, "O God, our Help in Ages Past," to the well-known tune, "St. Ann's."

It was evident at once that, as revivalists say, there was "power" in the meeting, for a casual observer looking from the platform would have seen many rough faces, foreign usually to all the softer emotions, working in their efforts at restraint. And when the song ceased and old Pug, mounting the platform, spread out his knotted, grimy hands, and said brokenly, "Let's all pray," there was a distinctly visible wave of feeling which swept from end to end of the closely packed audience.

His prayer was a prayer indeed; no sermonette, but a simple, fervent appeal to the God he knew so well to bless the famishing ones gathered there with His presence and bring them to a real conscious acquaintanceship with Himself. As soon as he had finished, another hymn was given out, and Jemmy, after a hurried conference with his helpers, retired into the brethren's passage, from which he presently emerged, robed in what appeared to be a diving-dress as far as the waist, but from that upward had the full sleeves and bands of the ancient clerical garb, only in black waterproof. Giggles, sternly s-s-sh'd down, were heard here and there, and no wonder, for Jemmy was really a more mirth-provoking figure than one often sees in a lifetime.

Advancing to the brink of the pool, with his friends close at hand, Jemmy held up one hand and said: "Dear friends, it's easy to laugh, 'specially w'en we won't think. You can't 'ardly 'elp larfin' at me, I know, 'n' I don't feel quite comf'ble meself. But if you'll remember wot we're a-goin' t' do, that all them that's a-goin' dahn inter this water is professin' ter be buried wiv Christ—that is, they're henceforf dead t' sin—an' as they come up that they're risen wiv 'im to a life of righteousness, 'oliness, an' 'appiness, I'm shore you won't feel inclined ter laugh any more 'n you would at the funeral of yer muvver. Please, please don't forget 'at if this is on'y a altered cow-shed, Jesus th' King o' Glory was borned in one, an' among the hanimals, too. Bless 'im, 'e's 'ere nah; may 'e give y' all th' spirit of rev'rence an' godly fear."

All was now quite silent. The first candidate, the waitress from the coffee-shop, came forward neatly attired in a white robe, pale as chalk, and visibly shaking. Jemmy descended into the pool and helped her down the ladder. Then, as soon as she had recovered the breath which the first chilly touch of the water had taken away, Jemmy, pronouncing the solemn words which mean so much to the adult being baptized, but which the sponsors of the infant often hear quite unmoved, by a dexterous movement immersed her entirely, and before she quite realized what had happened she was being assisted up the ladder neatly covered, and was hurried out of sight to change her garb. And so the whole ceremony proceeded without a hitch, although the anxiety of those behind to see was so great that at times it appeared as if there would be trouble. It was promptly prevented by Captain Stevens, who was in his element; and, indeed, so well was order kept that although one woman fainted in the pool, no one but those handling her knew of it.

And so the whole great business passed off satisfactorily and in utmost decency and order, until in an evil moment Jemmy essayed to ascend the ladder. As soon as he did so he found that by some unsuspected leak his waterproof dress had become quite filled, and was so weighty that he could by no means lift himself out of the water. It did not occur to him to slip it off or to remain where he was until the audience had gone, but, asking for assistance, he was forcibly dragged up the ladder and stood on the brink of the pool, looking like a gigantic pair of sausages as to his lower limbs. Human nature could bear no more, and the meeting broke up in shouts of uncontrollable laughter. It was a conclusive proof that the saintliest of men need a little common-sense and prudence in the conduct of Christian work, or they may defeat their own ends.

(To be continued.)

A NEW COMMENTARY ON ROMANS.*

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,

Dean of the Faculty of Theology, Victoria University.

IN this work we find a bright, fresh, vigorous, and independent treatment of the greatest writing of the greatest Christian writer. The volume contains a Preface; an Introduction full of interesting matter on the Higher Criticism of the Epistle; a new Translation, very literal, and, in many places, very helpface; an Introduction, full of interestclear in statement, often highly suggestive in thought, generally very sane in judgment, and throughout refreshingly evangelical in spirit. The book is intended for English readers, not for scholars, and yet, as is so often the case with such books, it will be most highly appreciated by scholars who can read between the lines and understand references, allusions, and processes. The author himself is evidently a ripe and well read scholar. Quite notable is the lucidity and precision of his English, very seldom disfigured by the technical jargon of theology or philosophy. Would not the word "conception" or "thought" be preferable to the frequently recurring "concept"?

In the Preface there is an interesting, though brief, history of English translations of the Bible, with a competent discussion of the same. The criticism of both the Authorized and the Revised Version is somewhat caustic. They are charged with lack of courage, accuracy, and consistency, and the statement is made that "readers of the Bible ought not to be content with anything less than what the best scholarship can give them." The Revised Version is a "compromise translation" and therefore not satisfactory. Dr. Williams writes, apparently, before the appearance of the American Standard Revision, which corrects many of the mistakes of the English Revision, both of commission and of omission, and undeniably stands to-day the best English translation of the Bible.

Many of Dr. Williams' detailed strictures and corrections are eminently acute and just. His own translation is very useful as indicating to the English reader the exact shade of thought of the original, and as far as possible the very idiom of the Greek. One cannot but feel, however, that such a translation, with its painstaking accuracy, could never be popular; that the accuracy borders on pedantry when the original is followed so slavishly as in "But the just from faith will live"; and that sometimes we have a literalism of translation which obscures the sense to all save those familiar with the Greek, as in such a phrase as this: "Who was marked out son of God in power, according to (his) spirit of holiness, from resurrection of dead men." Our author is quite well aware, however, that his translation is not fitted for public or family use, but for the closet, when one desires to get as close as possible to the original.

Dr. Williams is evidently the classical Greek scholar, with all such a scholar's keen interest in verbal and logical accuracy and nicety. Indeed, he says, "I have written the commentary to justify the translation, and to expound the apostle's meaning." Here our writer betrays the weakness of his strength. His interpretation is too exclusively logical and theological and too little historical. He does not interest himself greatly in the genesis of Paul's theology and its connections with current thought, its articulation into the intellectual and spiritual organism of revelation. At this point there is a great lack, in comparison, for instance, with the noble volume on Romans by Sanday and Headlam. In truth, Dr. Williams lives a little too much in the era of conflict between Calvinism and Arminianism, and is rather too keen in his scent of the "decretum horribile." The very word "imputation" is to him the proverbial red rag. The last words of his Introduction are: "In the coming centuries the heresy of Hippo and Geneva, like the heresy of the synagogue, will be merely a hateful memory of the past."

* "An Exposition of the Epistle of Paul to the Romans." By William G. Williams, LL.D., late Professor of Greek in the Ohio Wesleyan University. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 394.

This is quite refreshing to us Arminians, but too much of this polemical temper may imply a lack of scientific, exegetic interest.

Our writer's conception of the purpose and scope of the epistle is too narrow, making Paul's treatment of election in chapters ix.-xi., dominate the whole book. This seems to be due not so much to the influence of Baur as to the Calvinistic controversy. Dr. Williams says: "The Epistle to the Romans is a discussion of the relation of the Gentile world to God's plan of salvation. . . . Paul's discussion involves two questions . . . namely, Who may be saved? and, On what conditions may they be saved? . . . Everything else is incidental." As this is meant, it is too narrow. It is quite right to repudiate the extreme view that this epistle contains a whole body of divinity, a complete system of theology; but it is not proper to so magnify the polemical elements as to minimize the position, and to declare that the things which most interested Paul in writing Romans have ceased to interest us, and that the elements of permanent value are only incidental to the main discussion. No! Paul's discussion of the Gospel way of salvation—Justification by Faith and the New Life in Christ—this is the main content and constitutes the permanent value of the epistle, and all the temporary and controversial elements are the merely incidental. Misled, apparently by mere words, our writer denies that Paul treats regeneration and sanctification in this epistle. What of Chapters vi., viii. and xii.?

The divergence between the primitive apostles and Paul is somewhat exaggerated and injustice is done both to Acts xv. and Galatians ii. The influence of the Tubingen school lingers long. When our writer comes to the treatment of the election of Israel and of the Gentiles, he handles the question ably and, on the whole, very satisfactorily, insisting that the question is that of the election of peoples *en masse* to privileges and duties rather than of individuals to salvation. His treatment of justification is careful, accurate, and most satisfactory. He knows how to distinguish things that differ. He sees justification to be objective and forensic, based on the atoning death of Christ, and appropriated by a faith which is essentially trust.

The detailed exegesis of the book is generally admirable. Dr. Williams is a scholar to his finger tips. One would be thankful for a fuller outline of the thought, to begin with, and more frequent stopping places where one might gather up results. As a textbook for students, the book lacks references to the literature of Romans, the statement of divergent views, and an index. But for what it professes to be, it is excellent, a fresh and stimulating exposition of the conclusions of a scholar and thinker, who has long lived (one may suppose) in close intimacy with the masterpiece which he here interprets.

TRUTH.

Reflections on reading stanzas by Dr. Musset.

BY J. M. DENYES, B.A.

Quand j'ai connu la verité,
J'ai cru que c'était une amie ;
Quand je l'ai comprise et sentie
J'en étais déjà dégoûté.

To know the truth is to know much. Truth is a friend, always and for ever, for truth is eternal and so are we. Truth is about men and things, for it is the essence of all that is great in men and things. But only to know truth is not to make it ours. To understand, to feel the truth, is to be of the truth, to be true. Knowledge is power, but not the eternal power without the understanding, the feeling of truth. It is possible, it is essential, to embody truth.

Et pourtant elle est éternelle,
Et ceux qui se sont passés d'elle,
Ici bas ont tout ignoré.

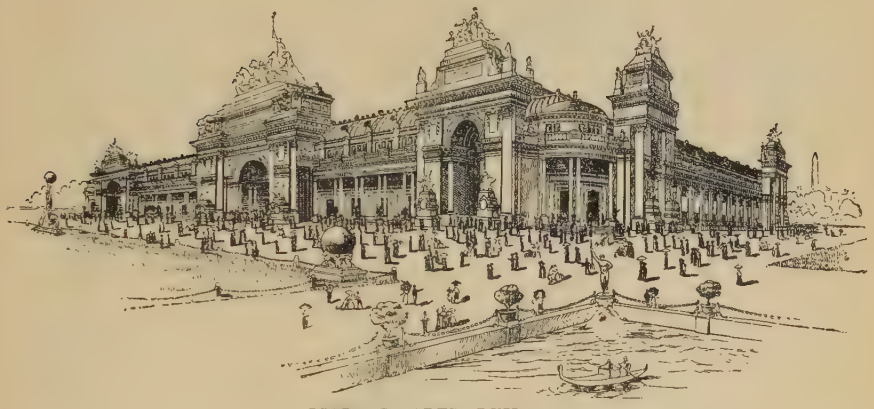
To do without truth is to drift in unrest, in uncertainty, to have no firm hold on the eternities. Not to know truth is not to know anything worth. "Buy the truth, and sell it not." "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Know Christ, know His word, for His Word is truth.

Dieu parle, il faut qu'on lui reponde.

Truth, furthermore, is God's Word to men, God's mercies, God's gifts, God's commands, God's judgments. We must reply to His Word, His mercies, His gifts, His commands, His judgments. What is our response?

Newburgh, Ont.

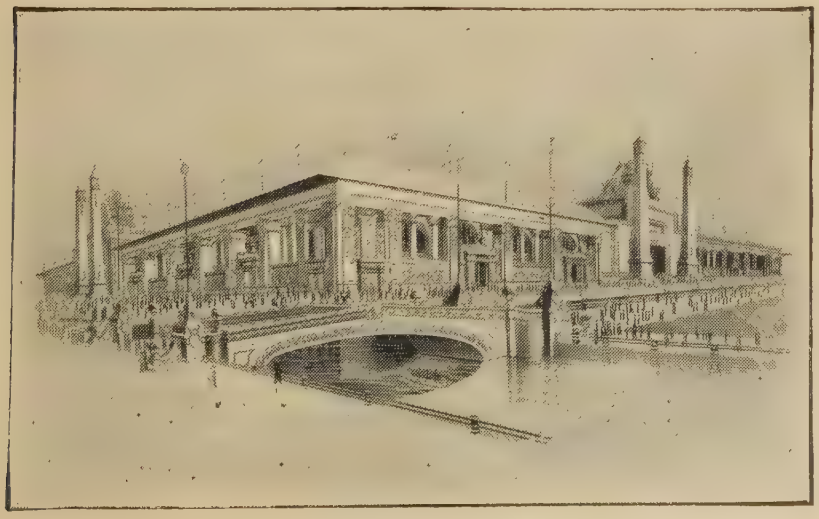
THE WORLD'S FAIR, 1904.



LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

WHEN the Louisiana Purchase Exposition opens its gates to the people of the world, says Harper's Weekly, they will probably see the most beautiful structures which have ever been designed and erected for any display of this character. The promoters of the Exposition have had ample opportunity to study styles of architecture which would be appropriate yet ornamental, and judging from the plans which have thus far been accepted, they form masterpieces of architecture.

Those who have planned the buildings have had ample space allotted them in the nearly 1,200 acres appropriated for the Exposition grounds, while a very generous portion of the $20,000,000 which will probably be spent before all of the arrangements are completed will go into these truly magnificent structures. The director-general is authority for the statement that the "White City" at St. Louis will far excel even that at Chicago, the beautiful "Rainbow City" at Buffalo, and even the displays in that centre of art—Paris. The illustra-



MINES AND METALLURGY BUILDING.

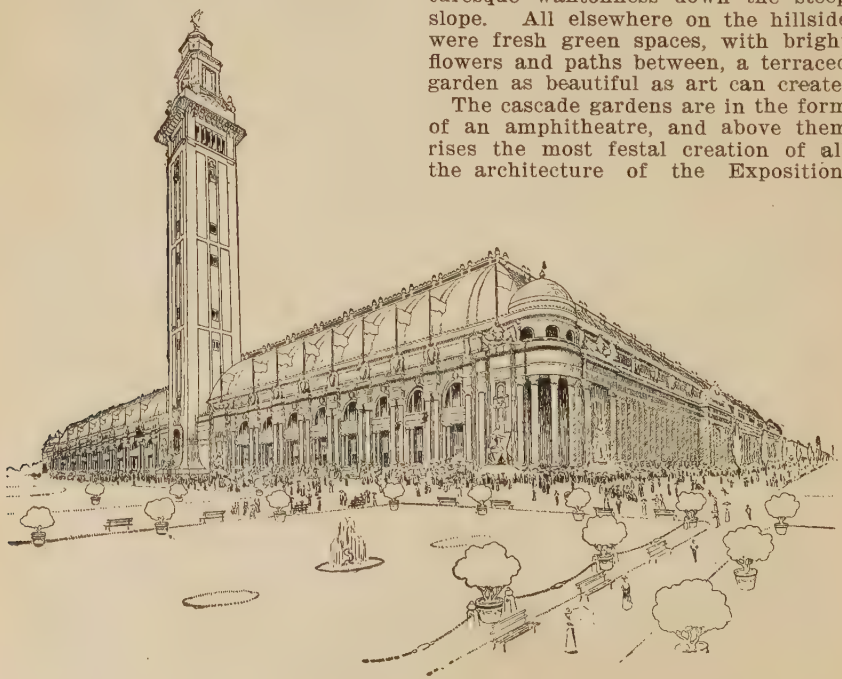
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

tions which accompany this article, give an idea of the truly exquisite exterior of the principal buildings. The first cut on page 273, that of the Liberal Arts Building, although in miniature, defines every feature. The main entrance is the most ornate feature, and the colossal group which surmounts it is artistic in every detail, as can be seen at a glance, while the columns rising at either side complete the stately effect. It will be one of the most elaborately decorated structures, so far as statuary is concerned, of any of the group, but every portion of the exterior, it may be said, represents the handiwork of the artist, even in the smaller columns forming the various sections. It will be one of the most important of the structures from an educational standpoint, and this fact the directors have evidently appreciated.

From an article by Mark Bennitt, Superintendent of the Exposition Press Committee, we abridge the following statement :

The grand basin occupies the middle of the "Court of Honour" on its farther side, three great cascades splashing noisily and with a picturesque wantonness down the steep slope. All elsewhere on the hillside were fresh green spaces, with bright flowers and paths between, a terraced garden as beautiful as art can create.

The cascade gardens are in the form of an amphitheatre, and above them rises the most festal creation of all the architecture of the Exposition,



MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

MACHINERY BUILDING.

the Festival Hall and the beautiful screen, two great arms of which sweep to east and west and terminate in ornate pavilions. This feature, known as the Terrace of States, will have groups of statuary symbolizing each of the twelve States and two Territories comprised in the area acquired in the Louisiana Purchase of one hundred years ago. The screen will be fifty-two feet high, and the groups of statuary will be placed at regular distances along the top of its entablature. The great screen, including the Festival Hall, will extend more than a quarter of a mile in its graceful curve.

The grand basin is a part of a lagoon system, giving more than a mile of waterway and serving both a useful and an ornamental purpose. Water craft will ply upon the lagoons and afford a most delightful ride amid the stately palaces. Flowers will bloom and trees will wave ; music will stir the air ; and people of all nations will join in drinking in with every sense the enjoyment of this international festival.

We have but entered the Exposition, after all. If figures will help you to realize its material bigness, you may know that the grounds are a mile wide by nearly two miles long, the fence enclosing 1,180 acres. The Chicago Exposition had 633 acres in Jackson Park and the Midway Plaisance. There are fifteen great exhibit building compared with Chicago's nine. There will be under roof approximately 250 acres compared with Chicago's 142. Chicago's Exposition was upon a site absolutely flat. Here

EDUCATION BUILDING.

the differences of elevation will amount to nearly one hundred feet.

There are other and greater reasons why this Exposition should surpass its predecessors, namely, the advantage of years and the experience of other exposition managers; the development of government, art, industry, transportation, commerce, and civilization. The coming Exposition will be the very essence of the world's best work, best thought, and best endeavour. It will represent the active mind and hand, the expert's work in this pushing age.

Instead of putting all the machines in the palace of Machinery, they will be employed to produce a moving picture in every building where machines may properly be installed for the purpose of manufacture. Not only will the exhibits show the finished articles, but, beside them raw materials and the methods and processes by which the goods are made. The Exposition is universal in its scope, and all who may wish to learn will be instructed in the essential elements of almost countless arts.

The department of art will occupy three great fire-proof buildings, having a total frontage of 836 feet, and containing more than fifty galleries. The Agriculture Building will cover twenty-three acres. The Transportation Building, covering fifteen acres, will contain four miles of tracks for the display of railway exhibits. The intramural railway will be more than nine miles long. The Philippine exhibit will cover forty acres and cost more than half a million dollars. The United States Government Building is 750 feet long by 250 wide, the largest exhibit building ever erected by the Government. Two rows of exhibit buildings, four in each row, are each one mile long. Twenty-five acres are devoted to live-stock pavilions.

The power plant will develop and transform 22,000 horse-power. Half a million electric lights will scarcely suffice for the illumination of the Exposition. More than one hundred miles of wooden conduit are used for electric lines. There will be more than a thousand miles of electric wires. The Mines Building covers nine acres, and the outdoor mining exhibits will cover even greater space. The two buildings devoted to Manufactures cover a total area of twenty-eight acres. The grand stand for the athletic arena will seat 25,000 people.

Most novel of the features of the exposition will be the tournament of airships. For this contest the management has set aside $200,000, of which $100,000 is offered as a grand prize for the most successful steerable airship. The news from all parts of the world indicates a lively interest in this tournament, and a host of entries seems probable. Such famous experimenters and inventors as Sir Hiram Maxim, Alexander Graham Bell, Santos-Dumont, and others have expressed an intention to be represented in the contest.

THROUGH SHADOW TO SHINING.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

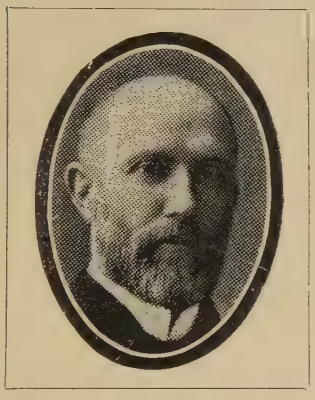
Falls the night drearily?
Toilest thou wearily
Up the rough road that winds steep from thy sight?
O list to the calling
Of sweet voices, falling
Soft, yet distinct, from the far mountain-height:
Though gloom gathers o'er thee,
Thy Guide is before thee,
Follow Him closely—He leads to the light.

Then, gladly confiding
Thyself to His guiding,
Reach, through the darkness, to Jesus thy hand,—
So naught need appal thee,
No harm can befall thee,—
Safe, past the mountain's brow, soon thou shalt stand.
There danger is never;
Nor weariness ever;
And bright streams the daylight o'er all the broad land.

Toronto.

Current Topics and Events.

INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.



MR. J. W. FLAVELLE,

President National Trust Company; Managing Director of the Wm. Davies Company, Toronto.

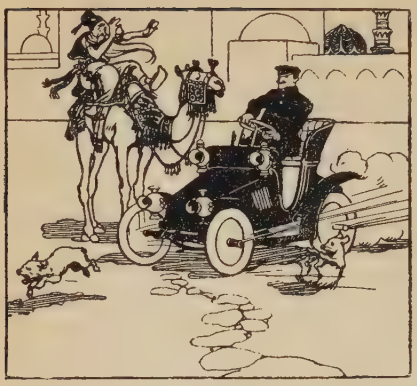
At the recent meeting of the Canadian Press Association no note was more conspicuous than that of the growing spirit of independence of party lines of the Canadian press. One of the most striking evidences of this has been the purchase of the Toronto News by Mr. J. W. Flavelle, and its establishment as an independent journal. The following is the comment of The Canadian Printer and Publisher on this significant event: "There is every reason for congratulating the public interests on the new venture. We are assured of a truly independent paper, from which great things may in time be expected; a paper which will have a great influence for honesty, justice, and right in public affairs. Mr. Flavelle is a man of high character; a generous, public-spirited man in the broadest sense of the term. He has always taken a deep interest in public and religious affairs. For twenty years Mr. Flavelle's life in Toronto has been watched through a powerful magnifying glass; in his character, however, not a flaw has been found. Uprightness and sincerity have always marked his actions. Business men will recognize this as a remarkable record. Mr. Flavelle has adopted the practical policy of educating the people. He endows a newspaper; good newspapers are the universities of the people."

Mr. Flavelle has for many years taken an active and energetic part in all that concerns Canadian Methodism. It is one of the most hopeful signs of the times when active business men like the late B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago; Mr. John Wanamaker, late Postmaster-General of the United States; and such men as the late W. E. H. Massey, the late Senator Ferrier, and Mr. Flavelle, can find time or make time in their busy lives to serve as Sunday-school superintendents. Mr. Flavelle's interest in education is shown by the establishment of a scholarship at Oxford for Canadian youth, where they may share the highest culture offered in the Empire—an anticipation by some years of Mr. Rhodes' magnificent conception of international scholarships.

MOROCCO AND HER PROBLEMS.

"O Muley Hassan, that our Sultan is truly thy brother, now I doubt not! Observe him now in the checkered pants of the unbeliever!"

As shown in our article on Morocco and her problems the tension in that country is in part, at least, relieved by the victory of the Emperor of Morocco over the Pretender, but the tension is sure to recur, it may be in an aggravated form. There is an irrepressible conflict between the Crescent and the Cross. Within a little more than a hundred years Islam was supreme from Cape Blanco, in the west of Africa, to the banks of the Brahmapootra and the muezzin's cry from the minarets of its mosques daily called the faithful to prayer. Now its symbol is no



"Do my lowly orbs see aright? Are those the accursed wheels of progress?"

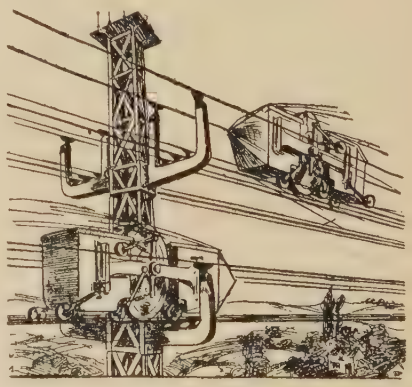
longer crescent, but waning. In Algiers, in Egypt, in India, Christian institutions are supplanting the false teaching of Mohammed and its tyrranous oppressions. Even in Morocco the Emperor has caught the influence of western civilization. The clever cartoonist in Harper's Weekly describes the Emperor 'Abd el-'Aziz as adopting the bicycle, the automobile, the camera, as playing ping-pong, and as rendering love and homage to but one wife. Two of these cartoons we reproduce.

Mr. Stead makes a new departure in his Review of Reviews for January. He begins "A Romance that is Never to End." It is to be continued from month to month while the world—or the Review of Reviews—shall endure. The public men and events of the times are described in somewhat the impartial way in which he wrote of the Colonial Secretary as "Blastus, the King's Chamberlain." It is an easy way in which to keep up his practice of maligning his countrymen, but will not be any more fictitious than his articles have been for the last three years.

Transmitting Mail by Wire.

The story of the new electric post which has been invented by Count Piscicelli Taeggi, an Italian engineer, reads rather like a chapter from a romance by Jules Verne than the recital of a practical method of collecting and transmitting mail matter which is being investigated by the matter-of-fact and prosaic authorities of St. Martin's Le Grand. The transmission of mails at a speed of 250 miles an hour is the task which Count Taeggi sets himself to accomplish. An hour and twenty minutes for mail matter to travel from Montreal to Toronto would work a revolution in business, and would be appreciated by the business community. The accompanying illustration represents the system which the inventor asserts is capable of producing this startling result. The plant consists of a light wire railway, supported by tall poles, which is to run from London, connecting with all the principal provincial towns. The main wires sustain the carriage, a torpedo shaped vehicle, weighing about 150 pounds, having a central wheel, which grips the "rail," with side wheels engaging smaller wires at the sides, preserving its balance when running slowly. The "rail" has a breaking strain of five tons.

The invention also embraces the collection of mail matter by an interesting and novel device. Posting boxes are contained in an iron column, 45 feet in height. A letter when placed on a narrow shelf in front of the pole is automatically drawn inside the pole, and deposited in a box fitted with a special stamping apparatus, which cancels the postage stamp wherever affixed, thus accomplishing automatically one of the longest and most tedious operations of the postal service. The letter is at the same time stamped with the date and the exact hour at which it enters the box. The mail is also collected from the



LETTER-CARRYING AT 250 MILES AN HOUR.

How his Majesty's mails might be carried in future. The large torpedo-shaped vehicles weigh about 1½ cwt. They would be "set" at the Post-Office for certain towns, and would only branch off the main track at the proper time and place.

posting boxes automatically. Every ten or fifteen boxes are connected with the general post-office by a single-line aerial wire supported upon the iron columns. Over this line collecting boxes travel at five-minute intervals. These boxes stop and open at each pole, causing the posting box to rise inside the column, shoot its letters into the collecting box, and drop to its former position. The circuit completed, the collecting box discharges its contents at the general post-office. Mail robbers are summarily disposed of by a fulminating ring, which encircles every pole in such a way that it is impossible for any one to reach the wires without touching it. The ring is charged with electricity at so high a tension that to touch it is fatal.

MAP SHOWING DISPUTED CANADIAN AND ALASKAN BOUNDARIES.

The Disputed Boundary.

The United States Senate has agreed to refer to arbitration the vexed question of the Alaska boundary. Surely nothing could be fairer than to submit this to the calm investigation of six leading jurists, British and American. At least one of the American jurists must be convinced of the justice of Canadian claims before decision is given in their favour.

The history of the dispute is set forth with some minuteness by Professor Mendenhall in The Atlantic Monthly. The treaty with Russia contained important geographical errors that, subsequently discovered, have given to the English opportunities which they have not been slow in embracing. The facts are summarized as follows :

"The American purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867 included a strip of the coast (lisiere de cote) extending from north latitude 54° 40′ to the region of Mount St. Elias. This strip

was to be separated from the British possessions by a range of mountains (then supposed to exist) parallel to the coast, or in the case of these mountains being too remote, by a line parallel to the windings (*sinuosites*) of the coast, and nowhere greater than ten marine leagues from the same. Since that date the development of the north-west has shown the great value of this *lisiere*. Its existence has become especially disagreeable to Great Britain, because through its waterways and over its passes much of the emigration and material supplies for the north-western territory must go. In such disputes American "sharpness" has almost always got the better of that English diplomacy whose "greed" he so vehemently denounces. The way in which the State of Maine juts into our Dominion territory and the boundary disputes on the Pacific Coast are illustrations of this.

Great Britain and Canada want nothing on the north-west coast to which they are not of right entitled. To endeavour to discount in advance their claims may seem to Professor Mendenhall astute diplomacy, but will have little weight in the settlement of the question.

Eliza B. Scidmore, in the Century, writes much more temperately:

"Alaska tourists learn with dismay that the Cameron Line would transfer the great glaciers to the British flag. For a quarter of a century there has been complete indifference to the unsettled Alaska boundary line on the part of the United States, followed recently by excited and intemperate utterances in the newspapers, based on half information, miners' yarns, and imagination, as deplorable in effect as the former indifference. Public opinion is being misled and prejudiced to a degree that renders peaceable considerations of the question difficult. Wild editorials have given such hints, points, and suggestions for Canadian 'aggressions,' were such intended, that one might believe the Jingo journalists hypnotized from across the border, so much better do they serve the Dominion's ends than those of our neglected estate of Alaska."

The Storm Centre.

The storm centre of Europe seems once more to be in the Balkans. The oppressions of the Christian populations by their Turkish suzerain in Macedonia and Roumelia are intolerable and must cease. Turkish rule has kept some of the fairest regions of Asia and Africa under perpetual blight. Britain made a great mistake half a century ago in bolstering up this moribund power; as Lord Salisbury expressed it, "she laid her money on the wrong horse." British blood and British treasure were poured out like water in a vain attempt to protect from the consequences of her own crimes and follies the decadent Turkish Empire. We have traversed the heart of that empire from the Golden Horn, through Adrianople and Philippolis, to the Balkan frontier, and have vivid memories of its ruthless oppressions and wrongs. We have traversed the principalities of Bulgaria and Servia, through Sofia to Belgrade, and saw everywhere evidences of their struggling into national life. We would welcome the day when the Moslem would be driven, "bag and baggage," out of Europe, and Christian institutions would take the place of the barbarisms of the unspeakable Turk.

The Mailed Fist.

After protracted delays the Venezuelan embroglio seems likely to be settled by an appeal to the court of arbitration at The Hague. It might, could, and should have been settled promptly but for the truculence of the Germans, who seem to embrace every opportunity to use the "mailed fist" both in China and Venezuela. There was little glory in knocking to pieces an earth-work fort and destroying a fishing village at Maracaibo (by the way, a small village in its immediate vicinity bears the name of Canada) and this ruthless and reckless action was a real menace to the peaceful settlement of the dispute. Public opinion throughout the Empire unites in the hope that Britain may soon be free from her entanglement with her headstrong ally.

That Library.

A good deal of needless opposition has developed to the offer of Mr. Carnegie of $350,000 to Toronto for public libraries. It is alleged that he is anti-British, that he accumulated his money by "pinching" his employees, and that he took wrongful means to end the strike at Homestead. We hold no brief to defend the great captain of industry, but it seems to us that we need not be more loyal than the King himself, who has been the

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

guest of Mr. Carnegie, nor than the Scottish universities which have accepted his generous gifts. Many of the strikers at Homestead, we are credibly informed, were in receipt of wages from six to ten dollars a day. Strikes and lockouts are a sort of civil war, and the employment of violence by either party is greatly to be deprecated.

The real university of modern times, says Carlyle, is a great library. None will derive so much benefit therefrom as the working man. Books on technology, the arts, and handicrafts are beyond their power to obtain unless in such a library. It was the study of such books that enabled Andrew Carnegie to so master the details of his calling as to cheapen rails and other steel products in all the markets of the world. He wishes to place similar advantages within the reach of working men everywhere—a very generous and noble ambition, and one which we hope that Toronto, in the interests of its working people, will gladly accept and cheerfully help.

A Friend of the Empire.

Bishop Hartzell, who has just visited Canada, is one of the strongest personalities in American Methodism. His labours for the black man in his own country and in Africa have long commanded the admiration of mankind. His services to the British Empire especially command the gratitude of every loyal British subject. In the dark days of the Boer war, when foes were many and friends were few, with full knowledge of the facts, he spoke before great audiences often antipathic, brave words of vindication of the righteousness of Britain's contention in South Africa and of the clemency of her methods. For this he has our earnest thanks. We are glad to present on our cover the portrait of this friend of the Black Man and of Great Britain.

The Opening of the Uganda Railway.

That we save by spending is often true in the business and financial world as well as in the spiritual. The Uganda Railway is now in full operation throughout its entire length, from Mombasa, on the Indian Ocean, to Port Florence, on Lake Nyanza. It traverses a distance of 580 miles. The transportation of commodities by caravan over this territory used to cost seven shillings and sixpence per ton per mile. By rail it will be only two and a half pence per ton. It is estimated that already a million dollars has been saved in the transportation of government stores alone. This economy, however, is the result of an outlay of about five and a half millions for the construction of the railway. It has a gauge of three and a half feet and rises from the sea-level to an altitude of eight thousand three hundred feet at the summit pass, whence is afforded a splendid view of Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Tour in Europe.

The Editor's pressure of work necessitates an occasional vacation trip across the sea. He purposes during the summer of 1903 to repeat his excursion of 1900, following the same route—the most attractive which, after much experience, he can lay out. He has successfully conducted tourist parties, composed chiefly of Methodist people. He will be prepared to take charge of a limited number in his proposed vacation. Persons interested in such a tour will receive on application a copy of his programme of travel, setting forth fully its route, conditions, cost, etc. For copy of this, address the Rev. Dr. Withrow, 244 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

THE GENERAL BOARD OF MISSIONS, METHODIST CHURCH.

Top Row, from the Left.—Dr. F. C. Stephenson, Mr. John Mann, Rev. W. H. Evans, Rev. J. J. Rae, Mr. W. H. Lambly, Rev. Dr. Woodsworth, Rev. T. Albert Moore.

Middle Row, from the Left.—Rev. James Allen, Mr. M. C. Bogart, Rev. Dr. Young, Rev. Dr. Whittington, Rev. Dr. Benson, Rev. W. T. Dunn, Judge Chesley, Rev. Dr. Gaetz, Rev. Dr. Ryckman, Rev. T. C. Buchanan, Mr. James Shannon.

Lower Row, from the Left.—Rev. Y. Hiraiwa, Rev. Dr. Briggs, Rev. Dr. Williams, Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Rev. Dr. Carman, Rev. Dr. Henderson, Rev. Dr. Huestis, Rev. A. L. Russell, B.D., Mr. Andrew Venning, Rev. Dr. Scott.

Religious Intelligence.

Builders of Empire.

The General Conference of 1902 will long be remembered as the missionary conference. It initiated the great forward movement in the North-West rendered imperative if we would meet the calls of Providence to minister to the incoming thousands of settlers in that strategic portion of our great Dominion. The General Conference was followed by the meeting of the General Board of Missions at Brandon, Man., to which was assigned the duty of carrying out the policy inaugurated by the General Conference. No more important session of that committee was ever held, not even that which inaugurated our foreign missions in Japan or in China. The committee was thoroughly representative of the far-sundered sections of our Church from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They did their work well, they provided for the personnel of the new missionary superintendents of New Ontario, the North-West, and British Columbia, and planned the details of the forward movement. What is now needed is a hearty response all along the line. God by His providence has spoken to our Church as plainly as He did to Moses of old, "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." It remains now to listen to that divine mandate, to enter the open doors of opportunity on golden hinges turning, to go up and possess the good land, for we be well able. The pressing need is to complete the emergency fund of fifty thousand dollars asked for by our representatives in the General Conference. Not quite half of this has yet been raised, and the emergency is upon us. Our readers will be glad to see the excellent portraits of the members of the General Board of Missions presented in the accompanying half-tone engraving.

Still a Soul-Saving Force.

Methodism is still a soul-saving organization. In the congratulatory period following the announcement of the $20,000,000 thank-offering of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the question has often been asked, "What about the 2,000,000 converts?" There seems to be a general disposition in the present day to look upon Methodism as decreasing in evangelistic fervour. Those who fear that she has forgotten her work of soul-winning will be encouraged by the figures for the past four years. From the table of probationers it is estimated that fully 1,500,000 converts have been added to the Church during the Twentieth Century Fund campaign. To be sure, one cannot calculate exactly the number of converts from the list of probationers, but it should at least be an indication of the minimum number. With the exception of the years 1894-1898, the annual accessions on probation to the Methodist Episcopal Church have been greater during the past three years than during any others of the entire hundred and twenty-nine years of her history.

Wise Above What is Written.

Learned men are not always wise. In the January number of the Bibliotheca Sacra, the oldest theological quarterly in America, now in its seventy-third year, is a striking article by the Rev. Dr. Howland on the creation of Eve. He argues that the first human beings called Adam and Eve must have been brother and sister, twins at that, and united like the Siamese twins Chang and Eng, by an enoiform cartilage. There are records, he says, of six or seven such couples. Being so joined at birth they might have been broken asunder by accident or by the rude intention of their animal parents. These twins were the first to receive the Breath of Life, or a spiritual existence. At least three such united couples have been separated by surgical operations, two of them successfully. Eve somehow mysteriously disappeared and Adam did not meet her for years, till he had become a man. When she came near him, he is supposed to narrate to his children subsequently, he noticed a bone sticking out of her side which corresponds with a hollow on his side, and he said, "She is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh." When the children ask if it didn't hurt very much to take out a rib, he replies: "No, I didn't know about it. The Lord must have made me fall into a very deep sleep." This is not a fairy tale or legend or story of folk-lore, but the argument of a grave and rev-

erend divine in this year of grace, 1903. We don't think that Dr. Howland's explanation clears up any difficulty. It rather starts many more.

The Wesleyan Roll of Honour.

With a portion of their famous Million Guinea Fund, the British Wesleyans are to erect a monumental building, in which will be preserved a unique roll of honour, constituting such a mass of signatures as, probably, the world has never seen. Any subscriber could put down his own name or that of some departed loved one. "Ex-cannibals of New Guinea have inscribed their names, Red Indians of the backwoods, reclaimed Matabeles of Mashonaland, and the one-time eaters of human flesh of Fiji." It will stand eight feet high with its 22,000 pages, bearing the autographs of nearly 1,000,000 persons.

Christian Unity in Japan.

The unification of the Christian Church in Japan is making far more rapid strides than in the homeland. Some years ago the seven Presbyterian bodies working in that land were united in one, and are now labouring in harmony. Since then the four missions of the Episcopal Church have united. The Baptist and Lutheran Churches have done likewise. But until recently the six Methodist missions, while most friendly in their relations, have worked in entire independence of each other. Each supported its own academic and theological school, where fewer schools would have sufficed. The loss in money and men is evident. Recently a plan for union has been agreed upon by these missions and is now awaiting the sanction of the home boards. It is to be hoped that before long these bodies will be united in "The Methodist Church of Japan."

Influence of Medical Missions.

Some idea of the enormous influence of medical missions may be gleaned from the account of the life of Rev. Edward Chester, M.D., who gave forty-three years' service in India. In addition to his other manifold labours he was put in charge of the Madura hospital and dispensary. The attendance steadily advanced from 3,100 the year before he took charge, till the last year of his oversight of the medical work in Dindigul and Madura, when it exceeded 51,000, more than 22,000 of which were new cases. To each of these thousands, and the thousands more of accompanying friends, the Gospel was daily preached, and a leaflet, which served also as a dispensary ticket, was given, containing the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and a brief statement of saving truth.

A Brake on Progress.

The Mosely Commission, in its comparison of the lives of American and British workmen, has brought to light many interesting phases of the subject. Mr. Mosely, who appointed this Commission, is a philanthropist, and amassed his fortune dealing in Kimberley diamonds. Realizing how England is feeling the competition with the United States, he appointed twenty-three secretaries of the leading trade-unions of England to make a tour of inspection through the great American manufactories. One of the most striking differences they observed was in regard to the consumption of liquor. The British workman consumes just twice as much liquor as the American. £58,500,000 more is spent annually on beer alone by them than by the much more numerous American workmen. In England practically little work is accomplished on Monday. The men are recovering from the effects of the holiday, and are often late even on Tuesday. In the United States this is an unheard-of condition of things.

Several large employers were very pronounced in their opinion that beer was bad to work on, having a sedative rather than a stimulating influence. Some one put it forcefully, by saying: "British workmen put a brake on their progress with their beer."

The British and Foreign Bible Society.

The British and Foreign Bible Society's alliance with foreign missions, it is said, was never more intimate and indispensable. Its Egyptian agency last year supplied nearly thirty different missionary societies—British and American, Swedish, Dutch and German—with the Scriptures which they required. This society is now making preparations for the observance of its centenary on a scale worthy of its world-wide labours and aims. A Centenary Fund of 250,000 guineas is to be attempted in

Great Britain. By means of this fund additional colporteurs and Bible-women will be employed; new versions will be undertaken; old versions will be completed and revised; further provision, in many languages, will be made for the blind, etc.

NATURALIZATION THROUGH THE GOSPEL.

The work of the Home Missionary Society in Massachusetts takes a decidedly foreign tinge when one realizes that one-fifth of the population of that State consists of Armenians, Finns, French, Germans, Greeks, Italians, Norwegians, Poles, Swedes, and Syrians. Nothing will tend more abundantly to make these immigrants helpful citizens than the Gospel of Jesus Christ. With the increasing immigration to our North-West we have much the same problem confronting us—to knit the hearts of many peoples into one people, living the lives of sober, industrious, godly citizens, under the banner of the Cross.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

D. H. Sanford, of Bridgeport, Okla., for eight years a missionary among the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, believes the United States Indian service to be one of the most pernicious, debauching, and degrading systems conceivable. He says it would be better if the Indians were allowed to manage their own affairs and lease their own lands. He believes they should be citizens instead of being kept in reservations as dependent paupers. The writer has perfect faith in the Indian's capacity for civilization and citizenship. It is this seeing the possibility of the development of others that is the life of the Christian Church. Our Divine Master saw the jewel in its wrapping of clod. And we, His followers, have not partaken deeply of the divine nature till we can see divinity in every man and nation.

Mr. Sanford is not alone in his opinion on the Indian question.

BISHOP SIMPSON MEMORIAL WINDOW.

At the late Ecumenical Conference, held in London, much dissatisfaction was expressed concerning the memorial window of Bishop Matthew Simpson. Bishop Vincent took the matter in hand. Subscriptions were raised, and a new and very handsome window was recently unveiled by Hon. Joseph H. Choate, the American Ambassador. Mr. Choate gave a most inspiring address on the life of this St. Paul of American Methodism—a man who was educator, orator, churchman, and patriot. Walking ninety miles to college, he began his course with the sum of $3.25 in his pocket. In spite of his difficulties, he not only worked his way to the presidency of Asbury University, then an obscure school, but in nine years he made of it the powerful institution known as De Pauw University. He was also the staunch friend and adviser of Abraham Lincoln during the four years of the Civil War, and it is hard to say how much of Lincoln's courage was due to the inspiration received from this great man.

One of the great dangers that lie across the path of China, the gravity of which is daily increasing, is the attitude of the Roman Church as the political agent of French ambition. "France abroad is the Roman Catholic Church," said one of her statesmen in a burst of frankness. It is quite manifest of late years that spiritually the Church of Rome is losing her hold in China. Though the Romanist missionaries were on the field centuries before the Protestants, their converts are not now equal in number to those of Protestantism.

Robert Arthington, the millionaire, of Leeds, England, who died recently, leaves a fortune of over $5,000,000, nine-tenths of which are bequeathed for missionary purposes. The bequest is to be under the control of committees from the membership of the Baptist Missionary Society and the London Missionary Society. Mr. Arthington's desire seems to have been to provide every tribe of mankind with copies of the Gospels of Luke and John and the Acts of the Apostles.

The Wesleyan General Missionary Committee at its recent annual gathering found great ground for rejoicing in the fact that all debts were paid and there was a substantial increase in their income. The outlook was so encouraging that the committee felt at liberty to enlarge by $135,000 the appropriations for the year to come. Last year was the best ever known for giving to foreign missions, the amount nearly reaching the half-million mark ($478,236), and was larger by $51,440 than the sum contributed the year before.

Book Notices.

"The Poetry of Robert Browning." By Stopford A. Brooke, M.A. Author of "Tennyson, His Art and Relation to Modern Life." With portrait. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 447. Price, $1.50 net.

Robert Browning has at last come into his kingdom. He had, as Stopford Brooke remarks, to wait a long time for wide recognition, but it has come at last. No recent author is so widely quoted, or is the subject of such profound study and of so many books of comment and elucidation. The latest and best of these is that under review. It treats the entire cycle of Browning literature in a lucid and luminous manner, with critical insight and illuminating skill. Perhaps a great poet should not need such elucidation, but say what one will, as Mr. Brooke remarks, Browning is obscure. Hence the need of books like this which enable one to understand the many recondite allusions and the subtle intellectual difficulties of this great writer. Our critic compares the two great poets of the last century, Browning and Tennyson, points out their distinctive features and marked contrasts. Browning's treatment of nature, and especially of human life, is admirably set forth. He is especially the poet of art and music. No one has ever so interpreted their meaning. That strange riddle, "Sordello," is the subject of two instructive chapters.

In one respect we beg to differ from this accomplished critic. He maintains that Browning did not possess dramatic genius. He may not have had the technical skill to construct an acting drama, but no author was ever more dramatic in his treatment of the many themes which he discusses. They embrace all time, from Lilith, the first wife of Adam, down to Mr. Sludge, the medium, and almost all Occidental and Oriental lands; he projects himself even into the man-beast, Caliban. Every one is dramatically conceived and expressed.

Next to Shakespeare, we deem Robert Browning the greatest dramatic writer in the English language. His collected writings are little less in bulk than Shakespeare's, exceeding, we think, those of any other English poet, and being, we judge, fully twice as great as Tennyson's.

Browning is not always easy reading, but we know no poet who will better repay the study demanded for the comprehension of his works. The difficulties of that task have been greatly exaggerated. "The Ring and the Book" is the longest poem in the language—twice as long as Milton's "Paradise Lost," yet we venture to say that it has fewer obscure lines. It is a marvellous "tour de force." The same story is told ten times over from different points of view. One would imagine it would become insufferably tedious; instead of this the interest increases with each telling, and leaves us filled with admiration for the genius of the writer who can so thoroughly identify himself with so many different narrators.

A distinguished Presbyterian minister, to whom we recommended the study of Browning, declares that to him it was a revelation, as next to the Bible he found no book so helpful in the preparation of his sermons. Browning's Biblical poems—those on Saul, on Cleon, on St. John, and especially the wonderful study of Lazarus—are wonderful interpretations of character. Ruskin declares that in no other piece of modern English prose or verse is there so much told of the Renaissance spirit as in "The Bishop orders his tomb in St. Praxed's." "In thirty lines," he adds, "he compresses the substance of thirty pages of the 'Stones of Venice.'" Browning's facility of rhyme is extraordinary. In one poem of forty lines he introduces thirty-five distinct rhymes.

As an illustration of the condensed force of his method, note the following lines:

"Would a man 'scape the rod?"
Rabbi Ben Karshook saith,
"See that he turn to God
The day before his death.

"Ay, could a man inquire,
When it shall come?" I say.
The Rabbi's eye shoots fire—
"Then let him turn to-day!"

Some of the finest chapters in this book are on Browning's treatment of

womanhood. This our critic attributes to the rare association he enjoyed with the grandest woman poet who ever lived. Never, we think, were twin souls of such poetic insight united in such ideal wedlock. This portraiture of noble womanhood finds its noblest embodiment in "Pompilia." The painting of such a pure, strong, saintly soul is Browning's greatest gift to literature.

"The Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for the Year ending June 30th, 1901." Washington: Government Printing Office. 8vo. Pp. 782.

The Smithsonian Institute is a remarkable example of the international character of science. It was founded by James Smithson, a distinguished English physicist who bequeathed $600,000 for the establishment of an institution for "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." This it does by promoting original research, and its co-ordination, and by its publications and annual reports. It has become a sort of scientific clearing house for the world. The Smithsonian and National Museums at Washington are among the most magnificent apparatus for the study of science in existence. This report is of special value, as it summarizes some of the most important recent discoveries and contributions to science. Many of these are by British or other foreign authorities, as Lord Kelvin on the Ether, Sir Harry H. Johnston, Professor Dewar on solid hydrogen, Marconi on wireless telegraphy, Sir William Herschel on colour photography, and others. The American contributions by Professor Langley, Rear-Admiral Melville, F. H. Newell, and many others, are of great importance.

A few days which we recently spent in Washington were a demonstration of the remarkable advantages of these institutions and of the facilities they offer for scientific studies. A fascinating chapter in this book is the account of the promotion of nature-study by children. A special room is set apart in which are collected specimens of some of the most curious and interesting phenomena of plant and animal life—exquisite groups of butterflies, humming-birds, and preparations illustrating the protective colouring and structure of many insects and birds. This report is beautifully illustrated with numerous black and white and coloured plates. The book is a distinct and important contribution to the literature of science.

"Songs of an English Esau." By Clive Phillipps-Wolley. Author of "One of the Broken Brigade," etc., etc. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co. Pp. 133.

This book contains the most vital and virile Canadian verse that we have yet read. The writer describes himself as a "Colonial Esau" who would not exchange his mess of pottage in Canada for Jacob's palace in Britain. Yet his poems breathe the passionate love of the exile for the land of his fathers. Like the Jews in Babylon, it is not without tears that he sings his songs of patriotism in a strange land. These poems pulse and throb with the new spirit of unity and solidarity that is vibrant throughout the far-flung Empire. Though English by birth, yet is this author passionately Canadian by adoption. In the poem "Is Canada Loyal?" he exclaims:

"Strong with the strength of sires who
have never been aught but free. . .
British in Britain's van, have we no right
to be proud? . . .
Bone of your bone are we, and in death
would be dust of your dust."

The noble threnody on the death of Queen Victoria concludes:

"Weld us in one, with Thee, O Lord, for
Head;
Call in Her children from all seas, all
lands,
And in Her memory round their Mother's
bed
For ever join their hands."

Not even Kipling sounds more strongly the imperialistic note than our Canadian singer. In his "Chain of Empire," written in the cemetery farthest west on this continent, he sings:

"O seed of Empire, Stones on which we set
That Greater Britain, which is yet to be;
Here, where the furthest West and East
are met,
Sleep, whilst your old nurse croons for
lullaby,
Thanks of a Realm, that owes you
Unity."

The stirring poem entitled "The Sea Queen Wakes," describes the mobilizing of the Flying Squadron, January, 1896:

"In the world there be many nations, and
there gathers round every throne

The strength of earth-born armies, but the sea is England's own.
As She ruled, She still shall rule it, from Plymouth to Esquimalt,
As long as the winds are tameless—as long as the waves are salt."

A noble poem to the U. E. Loyalists pays a generous tribute to those fathers and founders of empire in Canada. Though Britain showed her appreciation of their devotion by voting ten million pounds to repair their losses, yet "not one in ten of the United Empire Loyalists either asked for this aid or took it." Of course the South African war calls forth the stirring patriotism of this singer by the western sea. In his "Strathcona's Cavaliers" one may hear the tramp of the horses' feet and the jingling of their bridle reins—

"Do you hear the spurs a-ringing through the wide nor'-west?"

ending with the fine quatrain—

"From the blood that you have lent us take the best that we have bred,
Taught and tempered where men have to stand alone;
As Strathcona's heart their hearts are; if you count them with your dead,
You shall count them in the front rank of your own"

"Britain's 'Grand Rounds'" is a western welcome to the Duke and Duchess of York—

"You have heard your sentries challenge From every seaward head:
You have found your nations growing Wherever we sowed our dead.

"If you can, take the Children's message:
By deeds we do and have done,
By the love we bear for England,
By our Oath to the Great Queen's Son;

"By the fame that we share in common,
By the blood we are proud to shed,
By those that sleep in God's keeping,
Our own, and your Royal dead—

"The links in the girdle of Empire—
Love, law, mother-tongue, Britain's fame—
Are clasped here and clinched for ever,
By us with His mother's name!"

Other poems describe the life of the great North-West, life in the Rockies and on the prairies, as "The Kootenay Prospector," "The Western Pioneer," "An Invitation"—

"If ye cry for bread, lo! our prairie land
Brims over with golden grain;
If ye yearn for the help of a brother's hand,
Ye'll not yearn here in vain."

But the burden of all is "the love of Britons that makes Britain great." We have just one regret, that it is not a native-born who sings these songs of empire. But the very haunting pathos of the ineradicable love of England in the exile's heart gives a spell of power to these poems which they could not otherwise possess.

"Strength for the Way." And Other Sermons and Addresses. By W. T. Davison, M.A., D.D. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii-246.

Dr. Davison is one of the most scholarly presidents the British Wesleyan Conference has ever had. Unusual importance therefore attaches to his public utterances during his occupation of office. He treats a wide range of themes. Of special value to ministers is the address on the relation of preaching to modern unbelief, delivered before the Wesleyan Ministers' Meetings of London and Bristol. Of scarce less value is that given before the London convention of Sunday-school teachers on the Bible as the teacher's text-book in the twentieth century. A couple of articles from the London Quarterly Review, one on "Christ and Modern Criticism," the other on "The Christian Ideal," reach an unusually high standard.

"Moth and Rust, and Other Stories." By Mary Cholmondeley. Author of "Red Pottage." Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co. Pp. 308. Price, $1.50.

This strongly written story enforces the admonition of Scripture: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where moth and rust corrupt and where thieves break through and steal." It is a tale of sin and its punishment, of sorrow and its solace, of "affection that hopes and endures and is patient," and meets at last its exceeding great reward. Even better are some of the short stories at the end. That of "Geoffrey's Wife" is tragic. At a national fete in Paris Geoffrey and his newly wedded wife are caught in a mob. To save her from being trampled under foot he seeks to carry her on his back out of the desperate pressure of the crowd. When almost done to death he discovers that it is not his wife at all whom he has saved, but some one else. He finds in the morgue his wife trampled and trodden to death.

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